THE HERITAGE OF ASIA

BY

KENNETH SAUNDERS, LITT.D.

AUTHOR OF "EPOCHS OF BUDDHIST HISTORY,"
"THE GOSPEL FOR ASIA"

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RAMA VARMA RESEARCH INSTITUTE.
TRICHUR, COCHIN STATE.
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STONE HEAD OF BUDDHA
(*Sarnath Museum*)

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PART I



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I

INTRODUCTION: OUTLINE OF ASIATIC HISTORY

(*a*)

A GLANCE at a map will show that the Himalayas form the base of one triangle and the apex of another, the peninsula of India and the less regular mass of China. From these great snowy mountains flow the irrigating streams which make the valleys fertile. So from the classic ages of these great sub-continents there flow into the lives of the common people certain fertilizing streams and ideals. These are, for India, the quest for the Unseen, which has been her chief preoccupation, and the ideal of *Ahimsā*, or harmlessness, which has been her chief contribution to ethics; and with these two must be placed her characteristic concept of transmigration, which sees all sentient beings as bound together on the Wheel of Life, to pass up and down the scale according to their deeds. Thus while a few master-minds in her classic age, when poetry was crystallizing out into clear thought, have claimed to reach the realization of the Unseen, to practise harmlessness in all their thoughts and deeds, and to break

the fetters which bound them to the Wheel, the masses of her people, who can make no such claim, have yet followed after these great leaders.

The characteristic social expression of Indian thought has been the caste-system, which is the web of Indian life, and within which India has developed her own economic division of function. Beginning as a colour-bar, caste or *varna* was soon developed into a rigid stratification of society, which yet had much in it of the values of the guild, and kept her various immigrant peoples living side by side without too great friction. Another typical expression of her genius for organization is the self-governing village, and inasmuch as she is a land of villages, the panchayat, or group of five village elders, has played a very characteristic part in her evolution, and life has gone on largely independent of central government. For the rest, though it has been hard and poor for the masses, legend and song and drama have alleviated their lot, giving them a culture of their own, and religious pilgrimages have lent colour to life. India is, in fact, bound together physically by her pilgrim-roads as she is bound together spiritually by a common heritage of legend and song and religious quest. Even Mohammedan conquerors have come under the spell of this Indian culture. India, like China, has conquered all her conquerors until now.

When we turn to China we see that, like India, she had her classic age in about the sixth century B.C., an age which may well be compared with the philosophic age of the Greeks, and from this time, when systematic thinkers replaced her early poets, have come down to

her the fertilizing streams of a high practical idealism. These three streams may be expressed by the words *li*, propriety or fitness, *jên*, altruism, and *shu*, mutual sympathy; and as in India the ethical life was controlled by the concept of a natural order, the *Dharma*, so in China we find the ancient concept of a *Tao*, or way of nature, to follow which is highest wisdom. And as the thinkers of India have worked out their own interpretation of the *Dharma*, so the great thinkers of China have been equally free with the *Tao*. Some have claimed that it was best expressed as a personal will of Heaven; others have thought of it as above the gods, and expressing itself in the impersonal flow of nature and in the spontaneity of natural conduct (*wu-wei*).

Corresponding to the Indian village community is the highly organized guild of China, which is at once club and trades union; and while the toiling masses have been left in ignorance by their rulers and exploited by the majority of them, they, too, have had the alleviation of a culture which filtered down through strolling singers and actors. Both countries have had great artistic developments, from the first beginnings in the painted pottery of perhaps the third millennium B.C. to the frescoes of India and her sculptured symbolism, and the peerless porcelains, jades and bronzes of China. In both, too, we see that art began in religious ritual and that reverence for the dead has played a dominant part, sometimes paralysing and always stabilizing life.

Each great Asiatic country has had its streams of immigration, and these have contributed to its charac-

teristic culture. We may surmise that the Sumerians influenced both, settling in the Indus valley about three thousand years B.C. and possibly passing on to China. We may, if we will, see in the painted pottery proof of a common source for the early neolithic civilization in each country, and we may claim that the characteristic doctrines of Hinduism are the result of the blending of Aryan blood, which from about the thirteenth century B.C. began to mingle with the Dravidian. Perhaps the Indian village-organization is characteristically Dravidian, and the Indian caste-system characteristically Aryan. Similarly we may say that Buddhism, which arose amongst a people of mingled Aryan and Mongol stock, was the predestined vehicle for the spread of Indian culture throughout the Mongolian East. It certainly awakened still further the already keen Chinese æstheticism, and Indian spirituality began to blend art and religion in a very wonderful synthesis. As this tide swept on into Japan, we see what can be made of these high flights of idealism by a very practical people, and how the international religion was skilfully blended with her own national cult.

This book, which is offered as a little introduction to three great civilizations, attempts to do its work by rather rigid selection. It cannot hope to set forth an historic statement of the development of those characteristic cultures within the family of Asia, but it seeks rather to take certain great types of Asiatic, ancient and modern, and to show what was the efflorescence of their genius. Thus Guptan India is India flowering under the stimulus of Buddhist and

Hindu rivalry, and T'ang China is China called to her highest self-expression as the Indian religion challenged the native cults and philosophies.

(*b*)

For the proper understanding of these long developments it is of course necessary to trace the development of Buddhism in India and of its intimate relations with Hinduism, and something must be known of the Mauryan era as well as of the Guptan. So in China the long story of the evolution from the Chow through the Han up to the T'ang can only be hinted at. But there is perhaps enough by way of illustrative reading and summary, and when we come to Japan the keys provided in the brief account of Shōtoku and of the classic age of Nara will serve at any rate as an introduction to another great chapter of human history. In studying the three great books, light will be thrown upon the secular as well as the religious elements in these civilizations, and in the persons of the three great modern reformers we may see these civilizations expressing themselves in new ways under the stimulus of Western activity. All trained in the West, Gandhi, Kagawa and Hu Shih are yet characteristic of the countries which have produced them, and of Asia.

The first is, like the Buddha, a mystic seeking enlightenment, and his social activities are the by-product of this quest. India recognizes his Indianness in calling him *Mahatma*, or Great Soul.

Kagawa is the modern *Samurai* of Japan, who, in applying Christianity to the needs of his country, is

fulfilling ancient ideals, Confucian and Buddhist. As Gandhi is putting new meaning into *Ahimsā* and *Satya*, or Truth, so Kagawa is giving a larger application to the Chinese ideals of *jén* and *shu*, and to the Buddhist ideal of compassion.

In China we see the father of the Renaissance, Hu Shih, also a student of the West, seeking to graft on to the old stock of Chinese classicism the new growths of modern science and its application to life. He may be considered as the modern Chinese *Chun-tse*, or gentleman of the classic type, seeking in better human relationships the reformation of his country.

What is the origin of these ideals? How did India become Indian, and China Chinese? Though the details are complex and confused, the main currents of history in India and China can be traced. And even from prehistoric times archæologists are uncovering valuable evidence of an early civilization. To say nothing of the now famous "Peking man"—discovered by systematic search, and believed to be the oldest of such remains and to give evidence of the use of fire and of well-made weapons—we have in China abundance of neolithic painted pottery, suggesting an early immigration from the West, and used for burial with the dead, and of inscribed bones which speak of ancestor-cults of the ruling house as early as the third millennium B.C. At this time the earliest civilization now being uncovered in India was at its height—probably also brought from the West, and showing not only well-built and luxurious houses, but seals and figurines of great artistic merit. Here, too, early art and song and ritual were chiefly concerned

with religion—the propitiation of nature-deities and ancestors.

As history dawns, we see the Aryans coming into India with sword in one hand and hoe in the other, singing martial and agricultural songs, worshipping Indra, god of battles, but also the gods of rain and sun, of harvest and fertility. India has preserved over a thousand of such Vedic Hymns, and China has her parallel collection in the *Book of Poetry*, edited by Kung-fu-tze (Confucius) in the sixth century B.C., but going back in part, like the Rig-Veda, to the second millennium.[1] In both lands we see a dawning speculation as to the One behind the many, the Cause and Norm of the Universe. India begins this search by singling out Varuna, the Friendly and Righteous God, for special worship. He is akin to Ouranos (as their names indicate) among the Greeks, and associated with him is the Concept of Rita or Order—natural and moral—corresponding to the Arta of their other Aryan cousins, the Persians. From these germs grow the best flowers of India's thought—God as *Atman*, Spirit, "the One from whom words turn back, and also evil"—the Ineffable and the Pure, who is Reality and Mind and Bliss: and all nature as *Dharma*—a chain of cause and effect.

So in China early naturism develops into the mystic philosophy of nature, *Tao* the Way, ineffable, yet indwelling, and *Shang-ti* and *T'ien* appear as gods.

And as in the India of the sixth century B.C., the mystic speculations of the early Upanishads give place

[1] For specimens of both see Illustrative Readings.

to the more systematic thought of scholastic Buddhism —agnostic as to a first cause, dogmatic as to a moral order—and to the Sankhya, atheistic yet believing that spirit can be set free from the trammels of matter, so in the China of about the same time emerge systematic thinkers—Lao-tze the mystic, with his spontaneity (*wu-wei*) and his devotion to the quiet yet pervasive *Tao*; Kung-fu-tze with his belief in *T'ien* (Heaven) and his desire to order human society after its cosmic will; Mo Ti, altruist and devotee of the Divine Love. For them and their creative thought the Chow dynasty, great also in political and social achievements, is famous. It ruled from 1122 B.C. to 255 B.C. and set up standards of life and thought which persist to this day. It perfected the feudal system with its hierarchy, and gave a high place to the scholar, who is still more honoured in China than anywhere else.

During this era the foundations of the joint family-system and the guild—twin pillars of Chinese society —were firmly laid. As the family regulated and controlled the individual relations and duties of the Chinese, so the guild was the regulator of all group relations: unofficial and self-sustaining, these were the real machinery of the country, its "web of life" as the caste-system was of India the basis of stability and order. Thus while governments have changed, society has carried on without serious upheaval, and the Chinese has been able to regard government as relatively unimportant. The humorous tolerance of the masses occasionally gives way to the caustic criticism of a Lao-tze or a Chuang-tze for whom the chief duty of government is an extreme policy of

wu-wei or *laissez-faire*. For the family and the guild are natural and spontaneous, whereas the formalism of the court and of the official is artificial and unnatural.

The family is for China the unit, and family life, patriarchal in theory—often in fact dominated by the grandmother—was a rigidly disciplined affair. The spirit of it was one of accommodation and forbearance, each member knowing his place and keeping it, as the stars their orbits. A typical Chinese story is that of a great family of twelve hundred in the Sung era who were given a grant by the Government on account of their family loyalty. And when the patriarch of another family was asked the secret of unbroken harmony, he wrote the character for forbearance a hundred times.

It must be remembered that innumerable villages in China are in reality large clans all having the same family name, and the ancestral hall and common lands are family possessions. Such a family can control every movement of every member, and a very thoroughgoing communism is practised. Property is held in common, and without the village council, i.e., the family elders, nothing is done. They are like the panchayat of the Indian village, but are often of one clan, and so more likely to be conservative. In normal times no official of the Empire was needed, no criminal code, and no paternalistic measures of charity organization or insurance. The village was an autonomous family: the family a self-supporting and self-governing village.

This is the setting for the Chinese emphasis on filial

piety: it was an economic and patriotic as well as a religious duty to have children and to support parents, and public pressure could be brought to bear most heavily at just those points which in the West are usually considered most intimate and personal.

What the joint-family system was in such matters the guild was in matters economic. It framed and carried out regulations of production and distribution, fixed standards of quality, weights and measures, trade ethics and procedure, and was in effect a commercial tribunal; for each guild, like each village, had its committee of elders, and the individual much preferred their arbitration to the tyranny and graft of some strange official. They assessed penalties and could expel anyone from the guild who refused their decision.

Thus the individual lived within a network of unwritten yet binding regulations and conditions which, however, protected him even from the powerful Imperial officials. In the family and in the guild he was a free man—free to do right—that is, to conform to traditional *morest*, or *li*. Yet the family and the guild have both changed, adapting themselves to changing conditions, and are to-day in a process of very rapid transition.

As the Chow era drew to a chaotic close, Kung-fu-tze sought to take China back to traditional wisdom, and became the norm for the next twenty-five centuries —not uncriticized, but always classic.

Still more creative is Sākyamuni, the Buddha, his younger contemporary in India. Their thought was codified and made binding upon their peoples in the

great Han era (about 200 B.C. to A.D. 200) in China, and in the Mauryan and Kanishkan eras, (about 300 B.C. to A.D. 100) in India.

These are ages of great achievement at home and abroad, and each is ushered in by a great conqueror, Chandragupta in India and "The First Emperor," Shi Huang Ti, in China—adventurers, unifiers and innovators. As the latter consolidated China into an empire, subduing the feudal kingdoms and seeking to break the power of the *literati* with their reverence for tradition, so the former imposed his iron will on the warring kingdoms of India, but used the Brahmins for his own ends, and left it to his grandson, the great Asoka, to deal an effective blow against Brahmin supremacy by giving his chief support to the Buddhist monks. Both India and China, in a word, had to be freed from the dead hand of a spiritual autocracy, and in Buddhism both nations found in this era a new and liberating way of life, a new respect for the individual and a new inspiration to poetry and art.

In the blood of "Northern Barbarians," too, both Han China and Kanishkan India found an invigorating impulse. Civilizing those nomads, they drew new virility from them; till about the first century of our era great books, the Bhagavad-gītā in India and the Han editions of the Chinese classics, are seen unifying the national life, Hinduism and Confucianism reassert themselves, and slowly a new and mighty efflorescence appears.

This we study here as it is found in Guptan India (fourth and fifth centuries A.D.) and in Sui and T'ang China (seventh to tenth centuries A.D.). Great cosmo-

politan capitals—Chang-an in China, Ujjain in India —may be compared with one another and with Loyang of the Hans and Pātaliputra of the Mauryas: great poets like Kālidasa, the Indian dramatist, with Li Po and Tu Fu, Chinese lyricists; mathematicians like Varamihira in India with the astrologers and astronomers of China, who made exact calculations as well as elixirs of life; great missionaries like the Indian Kumarajiva with the Chinese pilgrim, Fa Hian; mighty rulers like Tai Tsung of China with Vikramaditya of India. Now, too, Japan leaps in a century into the family of great nations, builds up her own synthesis, and taking the gifts of China, Korea and India with eager hands, adapts them to her needs. Chinese æstheticism, Indian spirituality, and Japanese utilitarianism are now unified. These have well been described as the hall-marks of the "Creative East."[1]

For out of a common naturism and a common neolithic civilization each develops its own culture, and while there is much of a characteristic Asiatic quality in all there are clearly marked differences: Ujjain differs from Chang-an as Kālidasa from Tu Fu, and Horiuji's frescoes are akin to, yet different from, those of Ajanta.

[1] J. W. T. Mason in *The Creative East*.



VAISHNAVA SHRINE AT SOMNATHPUR
(*Mysore Government photo*)



(*c*)

What is it which makes India Indian and China Chinese? What does the genius of Japan choose from each? How does she blend their gifts? These are the questions which this little book seeks to answer. And if the answer offered is schematic and tentative, it may yet set going trains of thought and of study for which the times are fully ripe.

I hope that in this generation Western students will study Asia as eagerly as Eastern students are studying Europe. There are no barriers between East and West that cannot be overcome by sympathy and goodwill, if informed and intelligent.

The brief bibliography may be of help to those who agree. If this peep at the splendours of T'ang China, Guptan India, and Nara Japan attract them, they will go on to the Illumination of Sung and the glory of the Moguls, and the complex genius of Ashikaga and Tokugawa. I know of no richer field of study. And having looked at classic figures and books and eras in Asia, and then jumped forward a thousand years or more to its three great modern reformers, the student is challenged to go and find out for himself all that is involved in the coming of the West—of Mongol and Mogul, of Portuguese and Dutch and English, into the ancient East. Is it for good or for evil? What is it which can convert the evil into good? In what spirit can true partnership between East and West be achieved?

II

CHARACTERISTICS OF EACH OF THE THREE CIVILIZATIONS

WHEN we seek characteristic notes of the civilizations of each of the great Asiatic nations, we see that it is rather a matter of emphasis than of difference. "Asia is one," says Okakura Kakuzo. "The Himalayas divide only to unite." We may say schematically that India has been more concerned with the mystical than the ethical, with the beauty of the unseen mind at play in the universe, that China has looked more to the beauty of human relations and the embodiment of cosmic harmony in society, and that Japan has blent these emphases in her romantic cult of the Emperor and her religious nationalism, which sees her as the Land of the Kami or gods. In the golden ages of Korea, too, something of Indian mysticism and of Chinese humanism was blent in a fine synthesis which inspired the Japanese and sent them models of secular as well as of religious achievement.

All four countries have produced works of a secular kind, such as the forts of North India both Rajput and Mogul, the palaces and landscapes of T'ang and Sung in China, the gardens and pavilions of feudal Japan,

the mediæval palaces of Korea—perfect in harmony of setting and colour and line. All have their secular drama, their novels, their lyric poetry in praise of wine and love. These are far too little known in the West, which thinks of Asia as obsessed with the Unseen.

Yet it *is* in religious masterpieces, from the sculptured and painted caves of Ajanta, India's *Capella Sistina*, in the statues of Lung-men and the temples of Nara, that Asia expresses itself most naturally. These are all Buddhist shrines, yet the true Asia finds itself in each as Buddhism inspires and calls out its spiritual aspirations, and its recognition of human greatness as the key to the Divine, supplying both stimulus and model to the already strong æstheticism of Asia and proving itself in its lay-forms strong in building great secular civilizations. A middle path between credulity and rationalism, between asceticism and licence, it is also a bridge between the sacred and the secular. World-denying in its monastic forms, it is world-affirming in its inspiration of the laity: and its missionaries carry with them not only liturgies and monastic rites, but the arts of civilization and the lessons of philanthropy. This double function of Buddhism helps us to understand much in Asia.

If it is the religion of enlightenment and mystic realization, it is also the religion of compassion. Facing each other in the great museums may be seen statues of *Arhats* lost in Nirvāna, and of *Bodhisattvas* preaching to humanity. In the greatest of these Asia reaches sublime heights.

Nowhere else, either in pagan Greece or in Christian Europe, are such spiritual images of the Divine Com-

passion found: from the Buddhas of Ajanta to the solitary Sākyamuni of Anurādhapura in the jungles of Ceylon, and the grand and solemn Amitābha, "Lord of Endless Light," at Kamakura, and the exquisite little bronze Miroku, the "Coming Buddha," in the museum of Seoul. Here serenity and detachment blend with compassion and beneficence. Nor are all these masterpieces Buddhist: nowhere has religious philosophy so fused with pietism as in the Natarajas or dancing Sivas of South India, on which we may read such inscriptions as this: "Thou beatest creation's drum: thy hand is held out to protect: thy foot uplifted in the dance sets us free, and thou callest us from the transient to the eternal." Here is a perfect symbol of nature embodied in the dance of life.

Such are the meanings of the symbolism of this great plastic art which expressed itself also in the towers and gateways and courtyards of such Hindu temples as Conjeeveram and Angkor, as well as at Borobodur and Sānchi, Buddhist microcosms in stone. In these galleries of sculpture the didactic is subordinated to the æsthetic, yet never sacrificed to it; and there is an organic unity in its thronging figures, friezes of animated yet harmonious action.

Nor has landscape painting anywhere reached such spiritual vision as in the works of the Chinese Ma-yuan and Mi-fei, or the Japanese Sesshiu. Here the old naturism of Asia, which sings in the Rig-Veda and meditates in the Tao-Te-King, finds its perfect embodiment in a sacramental art. All nature is alive with the indwelling spirit of beauty and calm in great spaces and floating mists and soaring mountain-peaks.

So in Chinese poetry of great epochs like the T'ang[1] and Sung[2] we find everywhere a sense of the unity of nature. How admirable are such lyrics as this of Su Tung-Po of the eleventh century:

Unmoving there beside the stream
The crane stands lonely and adream:
As night descends how still he stands
To read the riddle of the sands.

Should some belated passer-by
Arrest his dreamy, brooding eye,
He'll turn his head, and silently
On still, scarce-beating wing will fly,

To watch behind some leafy screen
Till solitude reclaims the scene:
Then slowly wings his way once more
To keep his vigil on the shore.

Sometimes against a darkling sky
A sunbeam guides the watcher's eye
To where the brooding, dreamy crane
Ponders the river's course again.

So one whom some great passion sways
Seeks solitude and stands agaze,
While Life flows by so silently
Pondering the mystery of its ways.

And the poets turn a keen and searching eye upon society and its foibles: how human and modern is the little satire:

Poor red cockatoo from far-off Annam sent
Talking man-talk there in your gilt cage pent,
Like all the learnéd and the eloquent
In bondage to the stupid and the opulent.

[1] A.D. 618–907.
[2] A.D. 960–1280.

It is this brilliant terseness (here, I fear, sacrificed) which is imitated in Japan in the Hokku and Tanka[1] poems, jewels which flash for a moment and linger for ever in the minds; such is the epitaph of a little boy, known throughout Japan:

> Ah, little hunter of the dragon-fly,
> To what far realms art hunting gone?

And this is but one of a great national anthology, which includes verse summaries of philosophical systems. The following are Tanka by rulers of the Japanese, whose descendants still practise this delicate and graceful art. Tenchi Tenno (668-671) shows his sympathy with the poor in these words:

> In autumn fields they toil amain,
> My people, reaping grain:
> In this poor hut I shelter sought in vain;
> Through the thin thatch pours in the rain.

The adored Fujiyama, at once symbol and deity, is sung by the eighth-century Prince Moroe:

Upon the frontier where Suruga's land
Marches with Kahi, see great Fuji stand.
The clouds in awe are still, and no bird flies
Where snow melts in thy flames, and flame in snowflake dies.

What words suffice to hymn thy god-like form?
Father of waters towering in the storm.
Ah! let me gaze upon thee, gift of gods to man,
A god thyself, thou guardian of Japan.

"Great in small things," says the critic, "and small

[1] The *hokku* has seventeen syllables, the *tanka* thirty-one.

in great things ": yet very soon Japan produced long novels like the *Story of Genji*, full of subtle observation, and great masterpieces of architecture like the Nara Temples.

If it is only in her minor arts—porcelains and woodblocks and netsukes—that Asiatic culture is to survive, this is in itself a rich heritage. The modernization of Asia, which can do so much to give to the masses opportunities and privileges as yet denied them, need not kill out these household crafts, and Asia may avoid the worst blunders of industrialism in the West. Whatever the future, we must all know the " living past " of Asia, and no educated man West or East can ignore it. We in the West need to know how the other half of mankind lives, what are the springs of its action and character. And Young Asia must discern what are the precious elements of its old culture, to which it must cleave in this age of transition. This is its most urgent task.

The first step in this study is the religious development of India, from the naïve nature-cults of the second millennium B.C. to the mysticism of the Upanishads and of the Buddha, and the popular cults of Siva and Vishnu. The best summary is the Bhagavad-gītā, which is an epitome of Indian religions. It is as necessary for the understanding of India as the Analects are for that of China, and the Lotus, its great analogue, for that of Japan. All are works which base ethical precepts upon a mystical interpretation of nature. Whether it be called *Brahman* or *Dharma* or *Tao*, this is the Absolute, the Alone Real.

The Gītā sets forth the Absolute as incarnate in the warrior-god Krishna, and his lessons of Duty, of Detachment, of Desirelessness, of Devotion, are the abiding values of Indian religion. This work took its final form as India was preparing for the great period of unification in the fourth and fifth centuries, and this—the Guptan era—must be studied if we are to see India aright in her great task of civilization, sending out wave after wave of spiritual impulse which link Ajanta in Western India with Horiuji in Japan, and Borobodur in Java with Chang-an in China, which breathes in the poems of Kālidasa and the travel-diaries of Fa Hian as in the classic translations by Kumarajiva of Sanskrit texts into Chinese, and which builds vast monuments, secular and religious, at great cosmopolitan cities from Ujjain, beloved of Kālidasa, to Nara, the city of Hitomaro and the lady Murasaki.

The Gītā—a key to much in Asia—is an epitome of Indian religion with its three ways: the Way of Action, the Way of Devotion, and the Way of Illumination, all related to the god Krishna, her ideal warrior, and reconciled by him. It is as different from China's Analects as Guptan civilization is from that of T'ang. All are Asiatic achievements, and all are typical of the countries which produced them. The ideal of the Gītā is the Mystic-devotee: the ideal of the Analects is the Scholar-æsthete. And if Gupta India is best reflected in the frescoes of Ajanta, T'ang China is best reflected in its great masters of landscape. The former are religious works with a keen sense of the beauty of animals and plants; the latter are secular yet full of spiritual quality. So Kālidasa of fifth-century

India also sang the beauties of nature, and Fa Hian of fifth-century China entered upon the mystic quest of Nirvāna.

We must be on our guard against generalization: and looking closer at the Gītā we find that it occurs in the midst of a great secular poem, and that its scene and occasion is a battlefield. It is indeed a clear defence of nationalism as against the pacifism of the Buddha and of Asoka, the internationalist emperor who united India in the third century B.C. It teaches that a man must do his caste-duties, and that he can find God in doing them unselfishly.

The Analects, several centuries earlier, teach that by doing the duties of one's station men and the nation are to be saved, and oppose the romanticism and pacifism of Lao-tze, much as the Gītā opposes that of the mystic Sākyamuni. China and India, in a word, both have their romantic and their realist schools: the one verging on anarchy, the other insisting on the ordered and disciplined life.

While, then, we seek in the Gītā and in the Guptan age India's most characteristic achievements, we need to look also at the background from which they emerge and to realize that the Gītā is itself an Upanishad and a reaction from Buddhism, and that the Guptan age is in part a Hindu revival.

So in China we have to see the Analects and the masterpieces of T'ang against the background of the great classic age, the age which produced at once the ordered life of the walled city, and the spontaneous life of the mountain-dweller and mystic. The key to both is in the cosmic philosophy of China which sees the

universe as a network of sympathies, binding emperor and people, and uniting men in the relationships outside of which there is no individual. Here Chinese "socialism" is seen as the key to her political life, as the "individualism" of Lao-tze is the inspiration of her arts. As pole-star to the heavenly host, so is the emperor to his people, and if he fails to be a true Son of Heaven they are free to send him into exile—"to allow him to travel."

Did Babylonian astronomy give to India and the Far East this sense of "the music of the spheres"? We do not know, but it is almost as widespread as the painted pottery in Asia, and Asiatic culture has deep roots in it.

Her art begins in ritual and its symbolic objects. Earlier than the bronze bowls and tripods of Chow are the green jade circle of Heaven—the Sky Father of the Aryans—and the yellow jade cylinder of Earth—the Mother. In India art seems to begin in the clay seals—masterpieces of glyptic art—of the Indus Valley, dating back to the third millennium B.C. Their superb animals seem to be sacrificial, and a figure seated beneath a tree or a many-headed snake is evidently a god—some early nature-deity to be propitiated with sacrifice. Here too is a Mother-goddess. Such are the symbols of early Asiatic animism, and in the inscribed bones of China we have contemporary records of an early ancestor-worship.

With the coming of Alexander these earlier eikons were replaced by those of Greece: and the Buddha became a Hermes with toga and halo as in the provincial art of the Hellenistic world. This passes on to

China, where a sixth-century inscription says: "The supreme is incorporeal, but images bring it before us," and another runs: "Sculpture is the means by which unseen truth is made visible."

Indo-Greek inspiration, in a word, made the flat, dim, spirit world of China—as evidenced in Han sculpture of the first centuries before and after our era—three-dimensional, and added in infinite time a fourth dimension. So China is prepared for the great era of T'ang when all were poets and artists—except the toiling masses. China is the "Land of T'ang," as her neighbours in India were for centuries the people of the Guptas. To both, Buddhism served as stimulus: yet both showed also a great efflorescence of the older religions.

The mutual influence of religion on art, and of art on religion, is seen at work in India with its popular devotional cults, calling into being such symbols as the Dancing Siva in cosmic activity, and at the same time reminding the philosopher that the world is theophany rather than mirage: God can be seen and served in his world. The Gītā, with its insistence on social duty, yet insists that all is but the play of Krishna: and the artists of China were at once influenced by the Taoist concept of the rhythm of all things, and by the humanism of Confucius, which bids them dwell in society, but bring nature to their cities in landscape-painting.

Thus Asia produces secular art which is religious and religious thought which is secular, and in this admirable synthesis is to be found the key to much in Asia. It blends the æsthetic and the religious in a

unique and lovely way, as did thirteenth-century Europe and the Athens of Pericles.

That Asia is now politically awake and with nationalist zeal is defying the imperialism of the West, is a fact at once of her secular and of her religious awakening. It is a fact pregnant with meaning for us all. The nationalist movements of Asia have been described as a David's sling against the Goliath of Western aggression; and Asia to-day is prouder than ever of her spiritual heritage. This heritage, a common possession of art, philosophy and religion, is well worthy of our study. It is Asia's rich gift to the family of nations, and she is claiming the right to make it in her own way.

III

THE HERITAGE OF INDIA AND THE GUPTAN ERA

INDIA is not only a mother of civilization, she is pre-eminently a spiritual mother of Asia. Her arts—noble architecture, fresco painting, sculpture, chamber-music and poetry—these have in India been handmaidens of religion. If we examine her architecture, from the Buddhist mounds of the second century B.C. to that crowning gem of human genius, the Taj Mahal, it has all a religious significance and an other-worldly purpose. Her greatest buildings are either tombs or shrines. Her painting, often more secular, is at its best religious, from the glorious frescoes of Ajanta, in which Buddhist devotion still breathes after fifteen centuries, to the best work of the modern school. And this is no less true of her poetry, from the rich anthology of the Rig-Veda and the Great Epics to the lyrics of Rabindranath Tagore, the best of which are hymns. The tradition, too, of her education, from the university of Nalanda, where ten thousand students sat at the feet of religious teachers, to the *guru* seated under a tree with his handful of disciples, has been

pre-eminently religious. India, in a word, is a God-intoxicated country; and her philosophy, which has in many ways and by many centuries anticipated the systems of European thought, is for the most part a religious philosophy; it deals with the One behind the many, the Real beyond the illusory, and is perhaps man's most courageous attempt to reach an ultimate unity. Even the heretical sects of India have been largely protests in the name of true religion. Of these we may instance the great reform of Gotama Buddha in the sixth century B.C., with its insistence that causality is everywhere, that there is no need to placate capricious deities on the one hand, nor to bow to a blind determinism on the other; let men follow a middle path of sanity and moderation and human duty.

The essential unity of ancient India may be sufficiently demonstrated for our purpose by two facts. Firstly, her sacred places are known and visited by all; they are a common heritage, and a network of pilgrim-roads links them one with another. "The institution of pilgrimage," says a Hindu writer, "is entirely an expression of love for the motherland, one of the modes of worship of the country which strengthens the religious sentiment and expands the geographical consciousness."[1] Throughout Asia are to be found these beautiful places of pilgrimage to which countless millions travel each year, and her pilgrimages are, like those of mediæval Europe, also picnics and times of physical as well as spiritual refreshment. Whether amidst the snowy peaks of Himalaya or the palm-fringed shores of Bengal and Madras,

[1] R. Mookerji, *The Fundamental Unity of India*, p. 36.

these shrines are all set in scenes of great natural beauty. The Orient has had for thousands of years that passionate love for nature which we find in a Wordsworth or a John Muir, but which is for the most part a modern growth amongst Western nations, and by no means common to-day amongst the masses. Indian religion and Indian patriotism are, then, inseparably intertwined; the motherland is a holy land, one for every Indian from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

The second indication of her unity is the old ideal of a religious ruler uniting his people in a kind of theocracy or kingdom of righteousness; and this ideal was several times realized, from Asoka (second century B.C.) and Kanishka (first century A.D.) to Vikramaditya and Harsha in the sixth and seventh centuries, and to Akbar, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. These emperors, patrons of a splendid secular civilization as they were, were also devoted sons of the religion which helped to unite their subjects, and to give to themselves the sanction of an other-worldly authority. Asoka, for instance, who has often been likened to Constantine, was a true convert to Buddhism, and proclaimed on many a pillar and rock that the ultimate object of his secular achievements was that men might turn to the *Dharma*, or Way of Buddha. His rock-hewn edicts are to-day being unearthed from Mysore to Baluchistan, and are proofs of a great civilization, whose mainspring was the sane and compassionate spirit of Sākyamuni, India's very practical mystic and visionary. They were set up to mark the sacred places and to teach a simple lay Buddhism.

But there are deeper currents which the masses cannot fathom. The great religions of India, especially Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism, are religious but also philosophical systems, Hinduism having at least six orthodox schools of philosophy, and Buddhism four. These religions are agreed in a courageous attempt to solve the problem of suffering by teaching that whatever happens to a man in this life is the result of his own action in the past:

> Our actions still pursue us from afar,
> And what we have been makes us what we are.

This doctrine of *Karma*, action, and its complementary doctrine of *Samsāra*, transmigration, constitute, perhaps, the chief differentia between the thought of Asia and that of Occidental countries. It is the very warp and woof of the thought of half of Asia, and is as familiar to the peasant following his little plough as to the philosopher and the priest. To give a quaint example: it is reported that when a well-known Western leader exclaimed to a Brahmin, "I must have been a Brahmin in a former existence!" he replied gravely, "Indeed, madam, you must have sinned grievously to have been reborn as a woman and a Westerner." But whilst we in the West are apt to smile, this view of life is one which is tenable by the most profound thinkers, and has satisfied them for twenty-five centuries. Many of the arguments, in fact, which support our belief in immortality may be used in defence of the doctrine of pre-existence.

From this conception again springs the belief in the

essential unity of life—that plants, animals and human beings are all intimately bound together by the indwelling spirit, and by their common destiny. And with this goes the duty of love and forbearance which, while it has often been forgotten in Asia, as in other lands, has, on the whole and through long periods of time, been so far observed as to "make our Asia mild." "*Ahimsā*," says Sir Charles Eliot, "is the chief glory of India." One of her earliest hymns may be quoted here as typical of much of her teachings:

> As recking nought of self a mother's love
> Enfolds and cherishes her only son,
> So through the world let thy compassion move
> And compass living creatures every one,
> Sinking and soaring in unfettered liberty,
> Free from ill will, purged of all enmity.[1]

If her Brahmins have often forgotten this ideal she has never lost it. And down the ages rings the august voice of Sākyamuni the Buddha, reminding us that "anger and hatred cannot cease by anger and hatred, but only by love can they be dispelled." Examples of this loving spirit are common in Indian history, from Punna, the intrepid missionary amongst the wild tribes of the frontier, who in the fifth century B.C. showed amidst all trials and tribulations the spirit of a St. Francis, to Kābir, the weaver-poet of the seventeenth century A.D.[2] who was as much beloved by Hindus as by Mohammedans. He was all things

[1] From the present author's *Heart of Buddhism*.
[2] See Illustrative Reading (*a*) 12.

to all men, and when he died the old legend has it that his followers, beginning to dispute as to who should own the relics, opened the coffin to find within only fragrant flowers. Such is the power and the beauty of the holy life.

India's most eminent sons, from the Buddha in the sixth century B.C., whose influence is still so mighty, to Mahatma Gandhi, the saintly leader of her nationalist aspirations, have embodied the spirit of gentle strength, and standards of other-worldliness which have made them invulnerable; whilst their immense popularity has revealed the devotion with which Indian hearts respond to these qualities. They rule because they serve. It is by virtue of such facts as these, and of his unflinching belief that truth is stronger than untruth and love than hate, that Mr. Gandhi is to-day holding a nation of 300,000,000 in leash; whether he succeeds in his immediate object or not, we of the West shall do well to study his courageous idealism. "He is as typical in an extreme way of the Orient," said a keen observer recently, "as Lenin is of our Occidental belief in material forces." Whether this is fair or not, it is an arresting utterance. And what now matters for our purpose is this, that the superman for India is the man of the Beatitudes; the West may deify Cæsar or Napoleon, India has always chosen the saint, the Mahatma.

This, then, is India's noblest gift to humanity—a belief that the unseen and intangible values are stronger and more real than the things of sense, and to this, her philosophy, with its unshaken conviction that there is One behind the many, One alone supremely real,

bears witness. Her most ancient prayer is a summary of her immemorial quest:

> From the unreal to Reality,
> From death to Immortality.

This is also a prayer for Light, and Buddhism is an answer, as is the Higher Hinduism. In the Guptan era, we see an amazing enlightenment, an efflorescence of Indian genius in art and science. And the Mauryan age is a precursor. Its great achievements are typified by the animal sculptures of the Pillars of Asoka, which were quarried from the living rock by a people who had but lately learnt to work in stone. The student may well begin with a careful reading of the Edicts of Asoka[1] and go on to Dr. Foucher's *Beginnings of Buddhist Art.*[2] This will make it clear that Buddhism called out a great awakening of Indian genius. Her first classic age is the age of mighty and systematic thinkers who replace the poetic and intuitive seers of the Upanishads, just as in China the great classic minds of the Illumination replace the early poets, and in replacing systematize their work.

The first artistic expression of Buddhism is in the grand animal sculptures of the Asokan era (third century B.C.), an age of high secular culture, with its strong walled cities and its well-organized and paternalistic central government. There is nothing finer anywhere than these animal sculptures. They

[1] See *Rulers of India* Series.
[2] An India Society publication.

are followed by the decorative panels of great *stupas*, or mounds, expressing the popular beliefs of the people. Here is a folk-art as contrasted with the finished works of Asoka's court-artists. Then come the masterpieces of the second century A.D., such as the great gateways of Sānchi in Bopal,[1] and the solitary Buddha of Anurādhapura in Ceylon. Men who had worked in wood or ivory are showing mastery of intricate design, of perspective and of the technique of stone-carving. With the deification of Sākyamuni and of Krishna, a new impetus is given to art as to literature. We see the eikon of Buddha develop from the Eurasian and provincial figures of the North-West Frontier to the strong intellectual types of Mathura and Ceylon: here the Buddha is represented as the calm, ascetic *yogi* and teacher, and these works of the third century A.D. are unsurpassed as pure sculpture. More delicate and decorative are the contemporary sculptures of Amarāvati[2] in South India, but less other-worldly and impressive. The images of the Guptan age form a climax as sophisticated and idealized. They are not perhaps as strong or as vigorous as those of Mathura, but they are highly wrought classical masterpieces.[3]

In painting India has leapt forward; from the earliest Ajanta frescoes, belonging perhaps to the second century A.D. (themselves no doubt the successors of lost works), to the masterpieces of the elaborate Caves I and II, is a great advance. And this series is a truly precious record. We see

[1] See the Indian Museum, Calcutta.
[2] See the British and Madras Museums.
[3] See Frontispiece.

the artists growing in architectonic power, in the grasp of technique and in the sense of the dramatic contrast between the lovely yet transient world of the senses and the lovelier unchanging calm of Nirvāna. They were guided, no doubt, by the canons of Indian painting which insist on knowledge of form, on balance of composition, on the "infusion" of charm, and on the artistic use of colour.

To study the best of the Ajanta compositions is to understand these canons at a glance. These painters are at once secular and religious; they see the fair forms of women and their lures, but they use them as parts of a process leading on to other-worldly calm. They are masters, too, of realism: the elephant, the monkey, the peacock, and all the rich and varied life of the jungle to which the Buddha had gone for his parables and similes—these are their themes. Of their portrayal of secular life we may say with an early poet, "it is that of great courts and palaces charming the mind by their noble routine."

The religious life of this age is no longer separate from that of the world: it is socialized and humanized, and "is manifested in an art that reveals life not in opposition to spirituality, but as an intricate ritual fitted to the consummation of every perfect experience. . . . A culmination and a perfection have been attained in which the inner and outer life are indivisible."

The *Bodhisattva*, or serving saint, is now preferred to the *Arhat*, or stoic, and thus the ideal of sainthood is socialized. "Mix not with the herd," says the *Dhammapada*, an anthology of the older Buddhism,

"wander lonely as the elephant." "Let me be medicine to the sick, the friend of all, a very sweeper," says the *Path of Light*, a fifth-century work. And in Brahminism the same change can be seen as it passes from the austerity of the earlier Upanishads to the lay-ethic of the Gītā. "Desert not your own duty: in no other can salvation be found," says Krishna to Arjuna. The *Dharma* of Hinduism has become a veritable "web of Indian life," which is henceforward a unity, with every act and every detail of life controlled by religious sanction.

The Laws of Manu say: "Pure is the hand of the craftsman at work on his craft": and "the householder is as holy as the Brahmin." And while these laws have been too often a dead hand like the classic canons of China, they have, like them, unified and often ennobled life. India, like China, developed its guilds, at once secular and religious.

Of the preparations for the marriage of a Hindu princess of this era, we have the following contemporary account; depicting the craft-guilds at work, it is of great interest: "From every county were assembled companies of skilled craftsmen. . . . Carpenters were given white flowers, unguents and cloth to make the marriage altar. . . . The outer terraces of the palace resounded with goldsmiths beating out their gold. . . . Here a group of skilled artisans painted auspicious scenes, and a multitude of sculptors made fishes, turtles, crocodiles, and fruits. Even kings girded themselves for decorative work, doing the behest of their Sovereign Lord."

"The king," says Manu, "must examine and

uphold the laws of the guilds "; and the merchant and craftsman hold a very important place in society. The king must regulate prices once in five days, and all weights and measures must be duly marked. "Let the king re-examine them twice a year." This was to protect merchant and buyer alike, and to establish confidence. Manifold were the duties of Indian kingship, but they were made possible by a theory, the *Varnashramadharma*, the "sanction of caste-duties," which still holds Indian society together, and which Indian patriots seek to reform, but not to annul. This unity of Indian life it is which underlies the achievements of the Guptan era. Each worker is to find salvation in doing his appointed task, and the emperor is hailed by the artists as a fellow-craftsman.

Secular literature, love-poetry, mathematics and astronomy, even sceptical philosophy, are in reality part and parcel of the religious activities of the nation. And the development from folk-lore to edifying tale, from the religious chants of the Rig-Veda to the secular stories of the Great Epics, is in reality a rhythm of cyclic change. India is putting forth the fine flower of a unified civilization. At Ujjain, monk and priest, philosopher and mathematician, dramatist and astronomer, mingled at the court of royal patrons.

Their culture now passes on to South-eastern Asia and the Far East, and establishes a unity between the grottoes of Turkestan and China, the bas-reliefs of Java and Angkor Vat, and the frescoes of Horiuji. "Almost all that belongs to the common spiritual consciousness of Asia, the ambient in which its diversities are reconcilable, is of Indian origin in the



Gupta period."[1] The inspiration of this era lasted long in India itself, and in the southern kingdoms inspired the Hindu architects of the Seven Pagodas, and in the west those of Elephanta and Ellora.

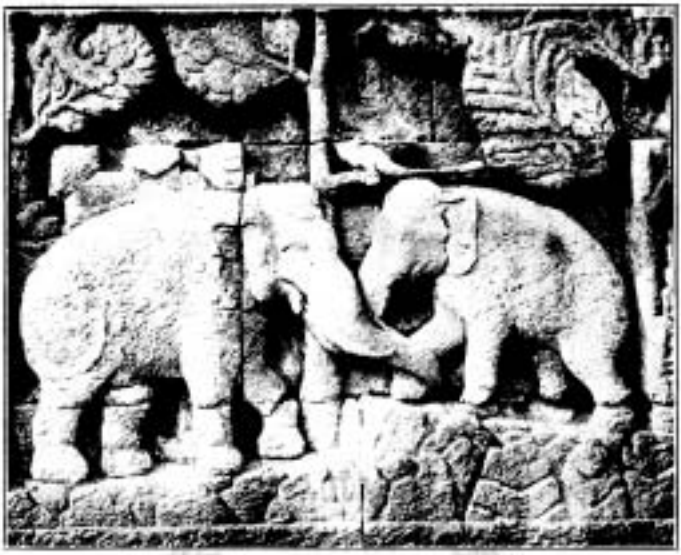
Here the cults of Siva and of Vishnu call forth stupendous monoliths and great symbolic groups expressive of the science as well as of the philosophy of the age. Here is Siva seated with his consort on the mythical Mount Kailasa, steadying it as it rocks beneath the heavings of the demon Ravana—"a magnificent dramatization of the forces of strain and resistance at work in the earth's crust." And here, in the gloom of a great cave, are the splendid heads and torsos of Brahmā, Creator, Vishnu, Sustainer and Indweller, Siva, Destroyer—the Trimurti who are aspects of the One Ultimate Reality. No nation has produced a more intellectual symbolism.

Early phallic worships too of the aborigines are taken up into the cosmic pantheon, and earth-goddesses of the south wedded to Aryan deities. Intricate columns and elaborate towers surround the central god-shrine, and the Hindu processions circulate about it as those of the Buddhists circulated about the *stupas* at Sānchi and Amarāvati: they were story-books of Buddhist legend of never-ending delight, as the shrines of the Hindu gods were galleries of epic tales, and of the cosmic activities of the gods. By such means and by strolling players and minstrels were the masses educated.

And for the educated there were the splendid dramas

[1] A. K. Coomaraswamy, *History of Indian and Indonesian Art*, p. 91.





Animal Sculpture, Borobodur : Java



Frieze at Borobodur : Ninth Century A.D.

of Kālidasa and Shudraka, the former a master of tender sentiment, the latter more rugged and vigorous. Even Western audiences know the *Sakuntala* of Kālidasa and *The Little Clay Cart* of Shudraka.

Till late into the Middle Ages this great artistic impulse continued—sometimes under the patronage of great kings in the south, sometimes under such rulers in the north as survived the shock of barbarian invaders. And in the art of Borobodur and Horiuji it lives on, reaching even higher perfection as it blossoms on new soil. India loses her life only to find it in her task of civilization.

And as her characteristic culture, her *Dharma*, is the fruit of the mingling of various racial stocks, so she sends on to Cambodia and Khmer, to Java and to Ceylon, to China, Korea and Japan, the impulse of her strange and intricate idealism. That they were wise enough to choose what they could assimilate, rejecting her caste-system and taking her arts is proof of their virility. It is also proof that, while she made the grievous mistake of turning away from the sanity of the Buddha's Middle Path, they found in it a new inspiration.[1]

[1] Readers who prefer a more chronological sequence may read first the sections on the Buddha and Confucius in section VI.

IV

THE HERITAGE OF CHINA AND THE T'ANG ERA

THE Chinese, like the Indians, are of mixed origin and of creative genius. An upland people who cultivated millet, moving south, met a lowland people cultivating rice, and from their fusion the Chinese may be said to spring, though many other stocks, Mongol, Tartar and Manchu for example, have also mingled with them.

There are numerous deposits of an early neolithic civilization with stone implements and clay pots, which are in many cases prototypes of the magnificent jades and bronzes of the Chow era.[1] In other words, the roots of Chinese civilization are ancient, and its fine flower begins to appear in the first millennium B.C. Here is another parallel with India, and both civilizations are seen to be rooted in religion. Chinese art-objects and inscribed bones of the second millennium B.C. may be compared with the seals of the Indus

[1] First unearthed in a great earthquake in Kansu, these have been systematically studied by Drs. Anderson, Li Shih and others.

Valley: both are concerned with ritual and the propitiation of the Unseen, but both need much further elucidation.

As China reaches her classic age, it is religious teachers, Lao-tze the mystic, Mo Ti the altruist, Kung-fu-tze the transmitter of ancient wisdom, who best represent her, as it is the *rishis* and the Buddha who are the great Indians of the classic age. It is suggestive that long before them Indian æstheticism found a minor place among the gods for an artificer, and China gave the creative impulse a local habitation and a name in her first man, Pan-Ku, who "modelled the earth, moulded the mountains, sculptured the rivers, and painted the skies." The Chinese were from the beginning an artist-nation as India was from the first a poet-nation. And Chinese utilitarianism appears in the legendary heroes Yao the farmer and Yu the engineer, who controlled "the great Flood." We have to wait till long after history begins in India for any analogous figures.

It is interesting to note, too, that Japan finds its first heroes in conquerors and men of affairs, and its greatest art in battle scenes unsurpassed in action and dramatic power.

But these indications of the culture characteristic of each nation must not be pressed for more than they are worth. For China has also priest-kings, and Japan has her early religious bards and gods who are the "ancestors" of her people; India has her battle scenes and epics as well as her mystic and devotional literature and art; and if China is utilitarian she is also mystical and romantic.

We are often told that China is as secular as India is other-worldly. "The Chinese," says Dr. Giles, "are emphatically not a religious people."[1] Yet China eagerly received and absorbed into her national life the spiritual gifts of India; her religion not less than the arts which accompanied it. It is indeed significant that in the very year when the Emperor of Rome was killing St. Peter and St. Paul for preaching the gospel of love, the Emperor of China is reported to have welcomed in person the missionaries of the compassionate Buddha.[2] And they continued to come for many centuries. The rapid spread of Buddhism in China is a proof that the masses of the people, as distinct from the scholars, have never been quite satisfied with the moral teachings of Confucian sages. These needed to be reinforced and supplemented by religious sanctions and ritual, and Dr. Giles, in extenuation of the statement quoted above, tells us that "Buddhism is closely bound up with the lives of the people and is a never-failing refuge in sickness and worldly trouble."

That China continued to sit at the feet of India in matters religious is abundantly clear. For centuries her pilgrims crossed the desert sands of Gobi and the vast snow ramparts of the Himalayas, or risked the fury of the typhoon as they journeyed to the Holy Lands of India and Ceylon. Indeed the chief records we possess of ancient Buddhist India are these quaint diaries of the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries; and

[1] *The Civilization of China*, p. 57.

[2] The date A.D. 61 is the traditional date for these two events.

among the most treasured classics of the Chinese, there is conversely a great library of translations by missionaries summoned from India to impart to the Chinese the religion of Buddhist India, such masterpieces as the Lotus among them. The spirit of these intrepid pilgrim adventurers, both Indian and Chinese, is the Asiatic spirit of incurable idealism.

"Take the Master's tattered robes, let the winds of Gobi whistle through your sleeve and cut you to the bone; mount his rusty red nag and set your face to the West. . . ." Then after this bitter journey at last "the great ice mountains loom in front of you and you crawl like an ant and cling like a fly to the roof of the world," till "on the topmost summit still far away from the Promised Land, you realize two things—the littleness of human life, and the greatness of one indomitable soul."[1]

These pilgrims found themselves at home with one another. From before the Christian era to the age of T'ang—a thousand years—India and China showed their strength one to another not with armies but with embassies of love and goodwill. And long before the times of these friendly overtures and this common quest for truth, centuries before China and India had any contact one with another, they had a common heritage in their early nature-religions and in a pastoral society with its natural divisions into kings, priests, warriors and cultivators. For ancient China too, as for Vedic India, there was a dim sense of a Supreme Being behind the bright nature-gods, who was to them as the king to his people. Both ancient

[1] L. Cranmer Byng in Beal's *Life of Hiuen-tsiang*.

civilizations were trembling upon the verge of an ethical monotheism as pure as that of the Hebrew prophets; and Asia is turning back to-day to such teachers as Mo Ti, who believed in a Loving God and taught universal altruism, or to a theistic strain in the Upanishads.

China's reverence for her great teachers is like that of India for her *rishis*, an acknowledgment that the spiritual is the real, that the greatest of gifts is the gift of ethical and religious truth. Her *Chun-tse*, or gentleman, is a great type, and it is no accident that Confucius, learned, wise, tolerant, courteous and careful of right relations with men, is her uncrowned king —the ideal of the city-dweller and courtier: as Lao-tze is her ideal mountain-dweller and mystic, believing in a spontaneous and natural ethic and interpreting nature in terms of love.

If the *Tao* is the Eternal Order, the *Te* is its ethical expression in society. By Lao-tze it is found in *wu-wei*, spontaneity; by Confucius in *shu*, sympathy, and in *jên*, altruism. "Loyalty to self and charity to others" sums up much of this early Chinese ethic, and Confucius is its formulator. The Analects are a series of aphorisms, brilliant and polished summaries of Chinese morality. To understand China one must know in detail these sayings collected by his disciples. He died in 478 B.C., within a few years of Sākyamuni, and a shrine was erected to his memory in his own state. But it was not for several centuries that he became the national hero of China. The story of the quiet spread of his influence is like that of his modest, almost retiring life. He was a man of gentle and

kindly disposition who avoided large audiences, was eager for no public applause, and influenced his own disciples even more by example than by precept. Confucius, in fact, did not aim at any religious reform; his self-appointed task was rather to garner and hand on the political and ethical experience of the past, and for this reason he has been considered, like his people, to be secular-minded. This is, as we have suggested, a misunderstanding, as will be evident from a study of the main points of his teaching.

First we must place reverence for ancestors, the hallmark of Chinese civilization, which Confucius inherited and reinforced. He is said to have mourned three years for his own mother and to have been punctilious in sacrifices to the dead: not only ancestors but all of noble character and great wisdom were, he taught, to be honoured in this way. Secondly, he inculcated the worship of *T'ien*, the broad and peaceful heavens, unchanging and majestic. This seemed to him to be adorable, the true type of the wise prince who is to his people as heaven to earth. It is strange to think of this great man with his reverent spirit being dubbed atheist and agnostic. "If *T'ien* is with me what can man do against me? . . . Lay down life itself rather than leave the path of duty. . . ." Such are his maxims, and to stabilize society he inculcated the careful observance of the Five Relations which are those between prince and minister, husband and wife, father and son, elder and younger brother, friend and friend. The Five Constants—Benevolence, Uprightness, Propriety of Demeanour (which includes religious observances), Practical Sagacity and Good

Faith—these are the expressions of *Te*, or virtue, which are the marks of the true gentleman. Confucius has, in a word, lessons of perennial value: our individualistic society may find a corrective in his communal and social ethic. Though we cannot accept the exaggerated estimate "that his virtue matches that of heaven," we can be grateful for his wisdom and quiet strength. Especially in international relationships may we take to heart this great principle, "I will select their good qualities and follow them, their bad qualities I will avoid." In the words of a French critic, "If my friend has only one eye I will look at that side of his profile."

Another great Confucian saying of moment for our times is "Rest in the highest," i.e., be not content with the second best; and he, like the other great Asiatics we have quoted, was a man of peace and of a lofty idealism.

China honoured her sages and scholars more highly than her warriors and her builders of cities. In the province of Shantung, her Holy Land, and in the Chinese Cabinet we may meet to-day the lineal descendants of Confucius, representing an unbroken literary tradition of twenty-five centuries. What other country can boast even five, unless it be India and Japan? These men of letters have handed down not only a noble tradition, but eloquent proofs in great masterpieces of literature and art that they were no vague idealists. Here are the words of a fifth-century artist which ring with China's delight in nature and in art:

"To gaze upon the clouds of autumn, a soaring





LANDSCAPE SCROLL BY LI CHENG

(Ink painting on silk)

exaltation in the soul; to feel the spring breeze stirring wild exultant thoughts—what is there in the possession of gold and gems to compare with delights like these? And then, to unroll the portfolio and spread the silk, and to transfer to it the glories of flood and fell, the green forest, the blowing winds, the white water of the rushing cascade, as with a turn of the hand a divine influence descends upon the scene. . . . These are the joys of painting."

No wonder that her painters have left the greatest landscape paintings in the world. So wonderful was the technique of her early masters that one painted the north wind so that men shivered, and another drew so vivid a monster that he fainted! Even more ancient than her noble painting is her casting in bronze, of which she has perhaps been the greatest exponent in the world.

Nor did she despise, though she placed below that of the scholar and the artist, the work of the merchant. Her men of affairs have a long and honourable tradition; their word is as good as their bond. Below them China rated her soldiers, many of them by no means contemptible. It is significant that though she invented a kind of gunpowder in the seventh century, she used it only for fireworks until Kublai Khan and his Mongol hordes drove her to use it in self-defence. Though her novelists then began to glorify war, yet she has believed that they that take the sword perish by the sword, and her thinkers to-day assure us, in the words of Mr. Alfred Sze, lately Chinese Minister to Great Britain, that " fortunately for the peace and security of the world the peaceful development of

China and her millions is an absolute certainty, unless, indeed, that development is deflected by foreign agencies into channels of militarism. The *Chinese* development of China, if I may put it that way, must make for peace, if only because the whole of Chinese culture rests on the power and appeal to moral force. The entire body of Confucian teaching centres around that conception." Nor is this a merely negative attitude on the part of China. When her greatest teacher was asked if there was any way of establishing international peace he replied, "Is it not by way of sympathy?" In other words, he would urge us that the Golden Rule is practical politics between nations as between individuals, and he adumbrated a League of States. The Chinese, moreover, without shedding blood and without crooked diplomacy, have shown that it is possible by peaceful penetration to extend the borders of their people through the ages, from ancient Korea to modern Singapore.

Like India, too, China has busied herself more with the ends than with the means of life. "On a foundation of inadequate material prosperity she reared the superstructure of a great culture."[1] We are apt to smile at her neglect of her great material resources: she is apt to smile at our enthusiasm for things which she ranks far less high than the things of the spirit. Her friendly criticism of our absorption in these material things and of our bustling activity in their pursuit is summed up in the familiar story of the Chinese visitor to New York. "I am glad we caught that one," said his American friend, as they rushed

[1] *Appearances*, by G. Lowes Dickinson.

into a tramcar, "we saved half a minute." "Oh," said the visitor, "and what are you going to do with it?"

China again has a very large "other-worldly" strain mingling with her humanism; her impoverished millions spend vast sums, enough to pay off her national debt in a few years, upon observances for the dead, for whom her veneration is profound. A crowd of worshippers in China may seem to us irreverent as they laugh and joke in their temples, but she has much to teach us of respect for parents and teachers. We may be inclined to think that her expenditures upon the dead are a waste of money; if so we may pause and reflect that we of the West spend more on alcohol and far more on armaments.

This reverence of Asia for the past and for those in authority is another great international bond, and is part of the foundation of the structure of peace which she has sought to build. China, like India, has condemned war, and like India has built up a splendid civilization in material things as well as those of the spirit. It is a mistake to think of the Orient as merely contemplative. She has had her men of action. India reared a great civilization which made the Greece of Alexander the Great envious. Cities like Chang-an in China were the teeming centres for nearly a thousand years of a cosmopolitan civilization, and even in the late Middle Ages Marco Polo, who knew Venice at the height of her glory, was astounded at the magnificence of Hangchow. Indeed it was because "she held the gorgeous East in fee" that Venice rose to such eminence.

The internationalism of the Orient, then, was not only based upon mutual respect for spiritual ideals; proud kings and emperors told one another in the words of Asoka that whilst they had splendid material gifts to interchange, yet " the greatest gifts are the gifts of the spirit." They understood one another and had much in common.

Yet the differences between China and India are profound. China developed upon more communistic lines, and escaped the spiritual tyranny of caste, and very early got rid of feudalism. The poorest boy has been able to rise in China to the highest office. Her teachers have held up a higher estimate of human nature and of human responsibility for the most part than those of India; and yet it was an Indian of the Indians, Sākyamuni, who reinforced the teaching of Confucius that men are free and can be good, and this is in itself a sublime faith which made for unity between the nations. For international goodwill must needs be based upon such a view of human nature. Cynicism cannot lead to anything but war. The " pessimistic " and " fatalistic " East has never maintained that " war is inevitable," and scholars like Mo Ti have insisted that history need *not* repeat itself.

The successors of Confucius—men like Mencius, Mo Ti and the humorous and brilliant Chuang-tze—form a galaxy of great teachers who may be compared with the Greek philosophers, and who do not hesitate to criticize their Master. Some idea of their points of view may be gained from the Illustrative Readings. Mysticism, scepticism, pragmatism and idealism—the whole gamut of human thought is struck. If Con-

fucius is China's Socrates, Lao-tze is her Protagoras, and Mo Ti her Hosea. How rich was the life of Chang-an—a city which may be compared to its Indian contemporary, Ujjain, where the currents of philosophy met and scholars worked side by side with artists and poets.[1] Or rather the scholar was himself very often at once artist and poet.

What the Guptan era is in India, that of T'ang is in China. Though few of its emperors were like Tai Tsung and most were licentious and degenerate, yet almost all were æsthetes and patrons of art and learning. As Chinese prestige was enhanced abroad, so its characteristic culture throve at home. The theatre became a potent force, and painting, sculpture, poetry and porcelain reached their zenith.

China is for her neighbours the Land of T'ang, if she is for her own people the Land of Han. If the Hans codified her classics, the T'angs gave her culture to the world. If the Han era laid the foundations of prosperity and if a luxurious court patronized scholar and painter and missionary, the age of T'ang built all into a new and superb edifice which their own luxury was to destroy. Though eunuchs, women and wizards too often ruled the court, and superstition walked hand in hand with murder, though civil strife is said to have halved the population, and the splendours of the court were paid for by a suffering people, yet the T'ang age remains the greatest cultural era of China. It was a flowering period of the arts, and the empire spread from Siberia to the Himalayas, and from the Caspian to Korea. Students from many

[1] Cf. Illustrative Reading (*a*) 13.

lands came to the Imperial City—the epitome of a great culture. Its main palace had nine gates, and thirty-six other splendid mansions glowed with scarlet and gold, and resounded to the music of flute and zither. Below their terraced pavilions and courtyards passed nobles on horseback, or in lacquered carts drawn by black oxen. Religious seekers like Kukai of Japan conversed with Nestorian missionaries, and the monotheistic followers of Mahomet argued with the dualistic Parsis, whose Fire Temples sprang up side by side with the Nestorian "Temples of Joy." For the T'angs came into power as the Prophet of Allah was beginning his victorious campaigns, as the heretics of the Church were becoming its greatest missionaries, and as Japan was settling down to make Buddhism and the rich culture of the mainland her own.

The merchants of Islam and the religious leaders of many faiths must have seen at Chang-an the great Nestorian tablet set in A.D. 731 to commemorate the mission of Olopen a century before, and have read upon it the eulogies of Tai Tsung. Its list of Syrian Christians and its summary of the story of creation, of the fall of man, and of his redemption are put in a form acceptable to China, and are good missionary apologetics. The emperor proclaimed the Faith "at once pacific and reasonable."

As Han China had accepted Buddhism and lodged its missionaries in the Imperial City, so the T'angs with equal tolerance welcomed the emissaries of Christianity; and we even find Buddhist and Christian collaborating in the work of translation, and in the comparative



Chinese Landscape showing Palace Architecture



study of religion. This study, which India was to make under the great Akbar, China began long before under the T'ang, and Japan in the person of Kukai during the same era. And the great library of Tun Huang[1] is a proof of the eclectic spirit of the age, with its thousands of documents—Christian, Hebrew, Manichean, as well as Buddhist and Confucian.

Tai Tsung, like Akbar, was a great collector of books, a patron of the arts and sciences, at whose court mathematicians and astronomers were as welcome as artists and poets and religious thinkers. To the T'ang court, too, came embassies from the Caliph Haroun al-Raschid, from Indo-China and India, bringing " tribute "—so China has always interpreted gifts from abroad. And they carried back with them tales of the splendour and beauty which centuries later were to impress Marco Polo and the Franciscan Friars of the thirteenth century. For if cruelty and lust abounded, so did art and luxury.

Now, as at no other time in history, poets throve. The eighteenth-century Manchu anthology contains nine hundred books, with selections from twenty-three hundred T'ang poets. Of these even the slowly awakening West knows the names of Li Po (705-760), Tu Fu (712-770), and Po Chu-i (772-846). Li Po, impressionist and rhapsodist, and Tu Fu, more studious and exact, are indeed a great pair. " We slept under the same coverlet and wandered hand in hand," says Tu Fu, who as a young man was fortunate in winning the affection of the great Li Po, whom emperors courted in vain.

[1] Brought to Europe by Sir Aurel Stein and Dr. Paul Pelliot.

It is characteristic of the T'angs that works of genius were assiduously collected, the poems of Po Chu-i being even engraved on stone by Imperial decree. But the Muse will not obey even the mandate of Heaven! Li Po and Tu Fu and many another sat loose to authority.

They preferred the company of the "Idlers of the Bamboo Valley," and Li Po was a member of the famous company of the "Eight Immortals of the Wine Cup," who sought in nature and in wine the inspiration of their art. It is often hard to say whether it is the rhythm of the *Tao* or the fumes of the wine-cup which sing in these lyrics, the intoxication of heavenly or of earthly love. But they all speak of a spirit of freedom, and of a revolt against the artificiality of the court. Like Chuang-tze before him, Meng Hao Jan (689-740) avoided official promotion, even hiding under his bed when the Emperor came to see him, and his friend Wang Wei (699-759), seeing the vanity of the world, made his house into a Buddhist monastery.

Li Po, who was born at the end of the seventh century and died in A.D. 762, belongs to the period when the great age of T'ang was already sowing the seeds of its own disintegration. This he felt keenly and expressed with courage. Tu Fu says well that he was noted for the virility as well as for the delicacy of his poems. They speak of an independent judgment of affairs, a keen eye for nature, a passionate love of life, with moods of brooding melancholy. The joy and beauty of the world pass away; the very splendours of Chang-an and of Imperial dalliance are a mirage; in wine there is a brief forgetfulness.

As for Li Po, give him a jug of wine!
He'll write a hundred poems at a sitting.
Drowsing in a tavern there he sits
On a street of the Imperial City,
And though the Son of Heaven calls,
He will not set foot on the Royal Barge.
"May it please your Majesty," says he,
"I am a God, the God of Wine."

Summoned to the Court of the great yet dissolute Huan Tsung, he did at last obey, but was so drunk that the eunuchs had to douse him with cold water. In shaky hand he took the brush they handed him, and wrote in ecstasy three poems on the Lady Yang Kuei Fei, the Emperor's mistress. But he was no courtier: he made a powerful eunuch lace his sandals, and he dared to compare the Imperial concubine to a dancing-girl of the Han era. The genius of the poet might have saved him from one of these enemies, but eunuchs and concubines together were too strong: they have ruled China even at its great moments, and Li Po was "allowed to retire." Wandering for ten years he visited Taoist monasteries in the mountains, and was drowned as he sought in a drunken frenzy to embrace the reflection of the moon in the water. This is romanticized in the legend that dolphins carried him to heaven.

Much of his poetry is in praise of wine. Here and in nature he found an opiate for his pain:

Three cups will open wide the door to bliss,
Drink a goblet and the world is yours.
What ecstasy from out the wine-cup pours;
The sober may not quaff its mysteries!

Why do I live in far-off mountains green?
I laugh and answer not; my soul serene
Lives in a heaven and earth that none else knows,
The peach blooms vanish as the river flows.

Is it better to try and reproduce the cadences and rhymes of Chinese lyrics, or to be content with prose? Either way the rich associations which delight the Chinese ear are lost. "The sound ceases and the thought goes on," says a proverb which admirably expresses this suggestive quality in all Chinese art.

Such simple lines as the following call up picture after picture even to a Western imagination:

Yonder the mountain slopes are flowering,
We sit and drink together, you and I,
Another cup, another, yet one more . . .
Now I am drunk and drowsy, get you gone,
But come to-morrow early with your lute.

Li Po is sometimes called Li Tse Sien ("Li the angel in exile"), and from his lofty mountain-retreats he looked sadly on human ills while he soothed his own sorrows with wine and song.

Tu Fu felt the tragedy of decay even more poignantly and wrote more simply, and Po Chu-i reached a climax of simplicity and pathos: the woes of war and the sorrows of the people are best told without elegance.

This growing strength and clarity is seen also in the prose writers of the T'ang era. The prose style of the pre-T'ang and early T'ang eras is artificial, elegant, and even precious. The eighth and ninth centuries saw a new vigour of thought and expression in men

like Han Yu (768-824) and Liu Chung Yuan (773-819). The former was a Confucian essayist and a robust critic of the superstitious practices of Taoist and Buddhist: the latter a poet and an artist as well as a prose writer, and both are to-day standard authors whose clear and powerful thinking is regarded as a model well embodied in a forcible and lucid style. Mathematics, astronomy and medicine also throve during the T'ang era. Li Chun-feng (602-670) invented an instrument to study the stars and left works on astronomy, while Szu Miao is still an authority on Chinese medicine.

Masterpieces of sculpture and of painting too remain to help us complete the picture, and to realize the many influences which made up this rich culture—influences as remote as Greek and Persian, as near at hand as Taoist and Confucian.

The Mohammedan Abu Zeid, who visited China in the ninth century wrote: "They surpass all peoples in the arts and notably in painting, in which they produce such masterpieces as others can but feebly imitate." From the fragments of painting which remain to tell of this age we can see that Abu Zeid is right. Even if all the works attributed to Wu-tao-tze are copies by his disciples and imitators, here is one of the supreme artists of all time. He has carried on and developed the very perfect work of Ku Kai Chih,[1] and poured into the classic moulds the wine of a new and creative spirit. There is an amazing energy as well as genius of interpretation in this great painter. His figures

[1] See his famous scroll in the British Museum—proof of a high culture and a finished art in the fifth century A.D.

seem alive with physical as with spiritual power and with an other-worldly beauty. They are almost sculptural in their massive dignity. Anyone who has studied the grand "Nirvāna," attributed to him and treasured in Japan, will remember for ever the sense of a cosmic drama, "all creation groaning and travailing" about the calm Buddha. "An ecstasy of lamentation" makes a splendid foil to the transcendental calm of the Master. Here a great mind has grasped the essence of Buddhism, and a great art has expressed it in classic form. "To interpret a mood, not merely to record a fact," is the ideal of Chinese art.

Contrasted with this and indicating the wide range of his powers, is the stone engraving of Kung-fu-tze, which was lately submitted to a psycho-analyst for study. Not knowing the subject, he described, it is said, the very character of Kung as the Chinese of the T'ang age conceived him. These "spiritual portraits" are of great interest, and reveal close study and clear thoughts, as well as imagination and power of expression.

Wu-tao-tze is considered by Chinese writers as an imitator of the sixth-century Chang Seng Yu, whom he surpassed as did the sculptor Yang Hui-chih and the painter-poet Wang Wei (A.D. 699-759)—whose "pictures were poems and his poems pictures," lovely landscapes or birds in flight which are "instinct with poetic fragrance" yet minutely exact in portrayal.

The art of Wang Wei has been classical and normative for the artists of the Far East for thirteen centuries. The vigour of his skeleton trees and the

rolling mass of his snowy mountains were copied by great artists from the seventh century to the modern works of Sesshiu and his school. Seals and appreciations of Hui Tsung—a Sung emperor, himself a famous artist—are upon one famous snowscape, and appreciations of other Chinese connoisseurs. "This is indeed a song without words," says a Japanese artist. Wang Wei is, in fact, regarded as the founder of the poetic Southern School, as his contemporary Li Szu Hsun (651-716) is the founder of the more rugged Northern School.

The canons of the era admirably express the ideals of this poetic art, which combines with a careful knowledge of form the grace of line, the balance of composition and the infusion of life into the "bones" of the subject. And the relations of sculpture to painting may be expressed by saying that if the Han bas-reliefs are transcripts of paintings, the brush of Wu-tao-tze is almost a chisel, so statuesque are his great figures. The story of the passing of Wu-tao-tze is like that of the translation of Li Po and of Lao-tze —a poetic yet reasonable tribute to genius which "cannot be holden of Death." China has her great pantheon of the immortals, and Japan in her legend of Kukai, alone among his beloved redwoods, awaiting the coming of Maitri Buddha, has in this too imitated the Chinese.

Wu-tao-tze had become so famous, says the legend, that it was a great moment in history when he accepted the Emperor's invitation to decorate the palace wall of Chang-an. The great work was done, and the court stood spellbound before the majestic spaces and

alluring vistas of "mountain and water," of cloud and forest.

"See," said the Master, "in this cave dwells a mountain fairy. Its interior is lovely beyond words. Permit me to lead the way." With these words he passed into his masterpiece, and was lost for ever to mortal ken. Nor did his swan-song survive him: it faded before the eyes of the astonished court.

Three hundred painters of this era are known to us by name, but their work has perished like Wu-tao-tze's fabled masterpiece, to live in inspiring memories and less inspired copies. We know of famous painters of horses such as Ts'ao Pa and Han Kan, and of landscape painters such as Li Szu Hsun and his son Li Chao Tao, but their works have perished. The sculptors of this era have been happier, in that Buddhist temples and the graves of mandarins have guarded their works.

The grand animal-forms of T'ang graves—camel, and war-horse, and bull—suggest the grandeur of the works of such masters as Chang Seng Yu, and the lovely Tanagra-like figures of dancers and minstrels are eloquent of an age of luxury; the dead were critical indeed if they were not content with the company of so much charm and sensuous grace.

Such, in brief outline, is the T'ang era, now to pass on a wave of inspiration to the Koreans and Japanese, who know China as the Land of T'ang and who look back with reverence to its achievements in this age. It is indeed China's zenith.

V

THE HERITAGE OF JAPAN

"JAPAN," says Okakura Kakuzo, "is the museum of Asiatic civilization. . . . On her shores every wave of Oriental thought has left its traces."[1] To-day the visitor to such peaceful and lovely places as Nara and Horiuji realizes how great is her debt, not only to India and to China, but to Korea, which so strangely blent the two civilizations. Is it not largely this which makes Japan so significant to-day? It is not merely, or chiefly, her amazing progress in industrial civilization: it is that the eyes of Asia look to her as one brother looks to another, younger, stronger, more successful. Japan alone of Asiatic peoples has solved the problem of bridging the great gulf with the past. She is capable, therefore, of being the champion of the Asiatic peoples and of paying back in noble ways the great debts of the past, just because with all her brilliant modern achievements she has clung to her rich heritage. "This it is," says Tagore, "which has given heart to the rest of Asia," that "Japan, the child of the Ancient East, has also jealously claimed all the gifts of the

[1] *The Ideals of the Orient*, Chapter I.

modern age for herself . . . Japan is old and new at the same time."[1] She is not merely an imitator of other nations ancient and modern.

Japan, like China, has evolved something unique out of the common background of Asiatic culture: from the nature-cults, the moral teachings of Confucius, the mysticism of Lao-tze, the artistic heritage of Buddhism, she has developed her own spiritual heritage, Yamato Damashii. And out of this rich matrix may be separated for our purpose the two gems of loyalty and of hospitality, gifts by no means disappearing in the new day. No king ever had more devoted subjects than the Emperor of Japan; no guests ever met with more delicate courtesy than the visitor to her shores. These are Asiatic gifts. This loyalty—what is it but the Confucian and Buddhist conviction that the king is to his people as heaven to earth, and that in him the unity of the nation is symbolized? This hospitality is rooted in the Asiatic conviction that the uncalculating spirit of generosity is the mark of the true gentleman, the *Chun-tse* of China, the *Bushi* of Japan, and that we are all one in a common humanity. In both of these at their best there is a fine restraint that is in itself a spiritual possession. As early as the sixth century Japan built her first school of the arts and her first guest-house on the Inland Sea.

The exquisite arts of Japan are a familiar expression of this spirit, so much more familiar to us than those of India and China that we need not dwell upon them except to re-emphasize the point that what Japan has so calmly made her own is part of a common Asiatic

[1] *Nationalism*, pp. 68-9.

culture. To take but one example, the lovely figure of the compassionate Kwannon came to her first in works of amazing delicacy and spiritual grace from Korea, and Korea had got alike the conception and the images from India and from China. The keynote of Japanese art and life is the Asiatic note of unity. For this reason it was that the great Prince Shōtoku, the founder of Japanese civilization, seized upon Buddhism and was in turn seized by it until it became the motive of his own life and of the unity of his subjects. In the great paintings of Japan we see that the artist has realized the essential oneness of man with nature, and has embodied in lovely forms the great Buddhist doctrine that it is not only in a figurative sense that they are one but that all, as the Lotus Scripture says, are the children of the Buddha, that all have his indwelling spirit, that all alike are part of a great process of becoming, and therefore bound together in the bundle of life. This sense of unity with plants and trees and mountains is everywhere. "As the moon lights up all the world," said a Buddhist monk to me, "so is the Buddha the light of all things." And I realized many times how much Wordsworth would have felt at home in Asia with its sense of the Immanence of God

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

The Buddha, glorified as the Eternal Lord and Father in the Lotus, is thought of also as the Indwelling and Sustaining Principle.

Nowhere in the world are there more signs that the

common people are permeated by this sense of the religious meaning of nature; nowhere is there a more universal love of beauty. As in China and in India, her people delight in pilgrimages, and her poorest homes are of a unique refinement. If the aristocrat has his *No* drama and tea-ceremony, the common people have their *Sarugaku* and their *Kabuki* plays: and the real art of Japan is the *Yamato* art which broke from classic traditions and found its inspiration in the lives of the people. So as early as the eleventh century we have the realistic novelists and the painters of Japanese landscape and scenes from common life. And all Japan knows the *haika* and the *ukiyoye*—brief songs and vigorous woodblocks—impressionism at its most delicate and at its most robust.

So, too, the loyalty to the Throne is seen as an aspect of family devotion. It is filial piety *par excellence* in Japan. But filial piety in the more usual sense has also played a very great part and the father has been an absolute tyrant. "There are four terrors, earthquake, fire, storm, and the tyranny of a father," says a Japanese proverb, which suggests that obedience is not always unquestioning and uncritical; yet it still is so for the most part, and it is not unknown for Japanese girls to sell themselves to a life of shame and suffering to provide funds for a father's dissipation.

And this leads to another cardinal virtue perhaps natural to the Japanese, certainly strengthened by the teaching of Chinese sages—fortitude. "See," says the Japanese boy in the play, "these little birds open their bills and cry for food, but a Japanese boy must not feel hunger." Bushido distinguishes between a higher and

a lower courage. "To rush into the thick of battle and to be slain is easy enough, and the merest churl is equal to that part: it is true courage to live when it is right to live and to die only when it is right to die." As Dr. Nitobe says: "The spiritual aspect of valour is evidenced by composure—calm presence of mind. Tranquillity is courage in repose. It is a statical manifestation of valour, as daring deeds are a dynamical. A truly brave man is ever serene; he is never taken by surprise; nothing ruffles the equanimity of his spirit. In the heat of battle he remains cool; in the midst of catastrophes he keeps level his mind. Earthquakes do not shake him; he laughs at storms. We admire him as truly great who, in the menacing presence of danger or death, retains his self-possession; who, for instance, can compose a poem under impending peril or hum a strain in the face of death. Such indulgence betraying no tremor in the writing or in the voice is taken as an infallible index of a large nature—of what we call a capacious mind (*yoyu*), which, far from being pressed or crowded, has always room for something more."

Linked, then, with India by the ties of Buddhism, with China by those alike of Buddhism and Confucianism, and with both by her common heritage of the nature-cults and hero-worships of the past, Japan is of the same spiritual kinship with the rest of Asia. Recently when her artists were at work copying the great frescoes at Ajanta, India marvelled to see that her old artistic heritage, so long lost to her, had been preserved intact in the Island Empire. And because of this spiritual kinship Japan, if she is true to her own past, may follow ways of peace and remain the leader

of the Orient. She has chosen the difficult task of mediating between East and West, of interpreting each, of reconciling the best in each. Whether she will succeed is the burning question of the day. The world is waiting expectantly to see what this great nation is going to do with her opportunity—one that is surely unique. Those who know her best believe that she will yet rise to the challenge, if we who are called by a greater name than that of the Buddha rise to our opportunities of moral leadership.

VI

THE SPIRIT OF ASIA AND THREE GREAT ASIATICS

Asia is ready, if we press her, to put aside her modesty and to tell us of her mighty civilization. "I cannot but bring to your mind," said Tagore to the Japanese, "the days when the whole of Eastern Asia from Burma to Japan was united with India in the closest ties of friendship, the only natural tie which can exist between nations. We did not stand in fear of each other, we had not to arm ourselves to keep each other in check, our relation was not that of self-interest, of exploitation and spoliation of each other's pockets; ideas and ideals were exchanged, gifts of the highest love were offered and taken; no difference of languages and customs hindered us in approaching each other heart to heart . . . and races belonging to different lands and languages and histories acknowledged the highest unity of man and the deepest bond of love."[1]

To take a few more detailed examples of this spirit. The great Emperor Asoka, like other potentates, went out to war, but when he saw what war meant he for ever turned his back upon it, and set all his great

[1] R. Tagore, *Nationalism*, pp. 75-6.

energies of heart and mind and of material strength to foster peace throughout the world of his day. We can still hear him speak from the old rock-hewn edicts which prove to us that this fatherly autocrat spoke to an educated people throughout his Indian Empire and beyond it as far as Egypt and Asia Minor.

His son Mahinda took the good law to Ceylon, and there it established a mighty civilization. One may still see the splendid statue of Dutugemunu, who, when his kingdom was invaded, led out his armies in self-defence; but as they went he reflected, "Why should my people die? I myself will settle this matter." And going out he slew his foe in single combat, then set up a monument in memory of a brave foe that is honoured to this day. If only the Kaiser and the Czar had been as civilized in 1914! . . . Nor was mediæval Asia altogether unmindful of this great heritage of chivalrous magnanimity. On Koyasan one may see the monument put up in the sixteenth century to all who fell in the war in Korea, both friend and foe, calling all the faithful to pray for their souls: "May they all alike win to the Peace of Nirvāna." Except for one Oxford college no such monument has yet been erected by the Western world. Are our people moved by these spiritual motives of unity and love? Are our standards of success as high as those of Asia? Is it not true that it was not until Japan took the sword and defeated Russia that we learned to respect her, and that it was we who maddened China and then imposed heavy indemnities upon her?

Such, then, is the heritage of Asia in broadest outline. In order that we may appreciate it and estimate

it more worthily it will be well to study in some detail three great figures, each typical of the best qualities of his nation, all of them men who have wielded and are wielding an immense influence to-day. The three whom it is most natural to select are Sākyamuni, India's greatest son; his contemporary, Confucius, the spiritual ruler of China; and, though he is not of the same calibre, Shōtoku Taishi, the founder of Japanese civilization. It is characteristic of the three civilizations that India's greatest son was an other-worldly teacher of religion, that the typical Chinese concerned himself chiefly with establishing a stable human society, and that he to whom Japan looks back with greatest gratitude was a ruler blending the religious and the secular in a new synthesis. Different as the three types are, however, they are all Asiatics, and all idealists and men of faith in righteousness. From all alike we may learn lessons of vital import at this juncture in the world's history. And from all we may glean the great sense of a cosmic foundation for the moral life, and of the essential unity of secular and religious.

In order to understand the heritage of Asia let us look in more detail at the three great founders—the Buddha, Confucius and Shōtoku—mystic, moralist and ruler—all types of Asia, each characteristic of his own people.

(*a*) SĀKYAMUNI THE BUDDHA

The legendary story of Gotama the Buddha is now too well known to need repetition. We know that he

belongs to the sixth and fifth centuries B.C., a period of great intellectual and spiritual activity in many lands, and we have several accounts of his life and teachings in that age of transition. It seems probable that he was born of *Kshattriya*, or warrior, stock in 563 and died in 483 B.C., but his figure is still shrouded in the mists of fable and in the dust of controversy: there is no consensus of opinion either among his followers or among Western scholars as to his main work, or the source of his authority. Some see in him an early rationalist making causality the foundation of his system and appealing to men's reason. Others call him philosopher, or ethical teacher, or social reformer. One eminent scholar even maintains that he went about conscious of his own divinity, and claiming lordship of the gods. But to others his main purpose, the source of his authority and the root of these other activities are to be found in his mystical experience. He is the greatest of Indian seers—at once the last of her great Upanishadic *rishis* and the first of her great heretics. He begins a great new era because he consummates that which went before.

As his title Buddha, "The Awakened," implies, Sākyamuni was one who saw clearly because he had experienced for himself the transiency of the world, and the way of salvation from it. Building on the mystical teachings of the *rishis*, he taught his generation how to find Reality for themselves. This is *Nibbāna*—the peace and calm of the victorious seeker: a pure, cool state of mind. Some, fitted by genius and by earnest application, became *Arhats*, or freemen, of the spirit, breaking the bonds of *Tanhā*, or craving, and

finding *Vimutti*, emancipation. This is the Reality from which, in the words of the Upanishads, "words turn back" and "evil turns back." It is the pure and the ineffable state.

The young Sākyamuni found this peace after long and earnest search. It is clear that he sought to learn from orthodox and from heretical teachers, and that his *Nibbāna* was the result of strenuous effort. At last he reached this "calm, quiet, cool state." He describes it as an "island" in the sea of transmigration, or as a "refuge" in some cool cave from a forest fire. The flames of the fire are the flames of *Tanhā*, of lust, anger and stupidity. These are the cardinal vices; and their symbols are the cock, the snake and the hog. *Nibbāna* is the casting out of these beasts, the extinction of these flames, the victory over these foes. And the Buddha claimed to have found it.

The place where this great victory was won is one of India's most sacred spots, the Bo-tree at Bodhgaya, now the subject of wrangling and lawsuits between Hindus and Buddhists, yet a place of pilgrimage for all alike. The moment when he reached this enlightenment is perhaps the greatest moment in Indian history, more far-reaching in its results than the coming of Alexander, or the conversion of Asoka, or the victories of Akbar.

This spot is one of the four places of pilgrimage which the great Asoka honoured, and his visit is represented on one of the gateways of Sānchi, and commemorated by an inscribed pillar on the spot, set up by Asoka himself. It was from here that his daughter carried the slip of the Bo-tree which still lives on in

Ceylon after more than two thousand years. At this spot near the ancient city of Benares Gotama broke into a song of triumph over *Tanhā*, the builder of the house of *Samsāra*, or transmigration:

> Many a house of life
> Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought
> These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;
> Sore was my ceaseless strife!
>
> But now,
> Thou builder of this tabernacle—Thou!
> I know thee! Never shalt thou build again
> These walls of pain,
> Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay
> Fresh rafters on the clay;
> Broken thy house is, and the ridge-pole split:
> Delusion fashioned it!
> Safe pass I thence deliverance to obtain.

He rejoices in a word in having found the cause of rebirth, and in his famous Sermon in the Deer Park he set forth the Four Aryan Truths of Universal Sorrow, its cause and cure. Here was a gospel for all who suffer; for none need go on suffering.

Of the great success of the Buddhist movement this is the first reason. It was a springtide of the spirit.

The seeker had found light and truth in his experience of *Nibbāna*: he had realized eternity in the midst of time, as opposed to the continual dying of *Samsāra*, transmigration. Obsessed with the dread of this, all her religious systems are ways of escape. That of the Buddha is the noblest and most practical. In his personality India has seen the ideal *guru*, religious teacher, in whom love and sincerity are intimately blent. Compassionate to all, he was

remorselessly sincere. Seeking to help all, he had no favourites, and would say nothing which he had not himself experienced. It is for this reason that he has been labelled agnostic and even atheist. He was too honest to claim knowledge of which he had no certainty.

The India of his day was confused by the voices of many teachers. There were sixty-two rival schools, as we learn from a Buddhist book. There were first the great mystic teachings of the early Upanishads, which found all things unreal except the *Atman*, or Absolute. This is the Ineffable, the One Real, unchanging and eternal. Here was an assumption which could not be proved, and which cut at the roots of personal responsibility. To the followers of this rather vague monism he said, "*Sabbā anattā*: all things are without *Atman*, or abiding reality: *Sabbā aniccā*: all things are transient." But he added, "*Nibbāna* abides"—there is a quality of life which nothing can destroy.

He was, in fact, an Indian Heracleitus, seeing in the individual an ever-changing stream, and Buddhist schoolmen have rightly made this the keynote in its psychology, anticipating David Hume and other modern teachers. But they and their Western interpreters have often pressed it too far. It is remarkable that this greatest of Indian personalities should be accused of denying personality. It is even more remarkable that he who taught untold millions a sane doctrine of the Divine and of the human, should be accused of denying God and the soul. Though he and his people had no such concepts as their contemporaries in Israel, yet his was no irreligious spirit.

In a land of religiosity he set himself to purify religion. If he was an Indian Heracleitus he was also an Indian Socrates. He sought always the real man to call him to Reality. And Reality has many phases.

To the masses of India in the thrall of fear, he says: "Fear not, all things have a cause. Be masters of your destiny. Happiness is the bloom upon virtue: misery the blight upon vice."

In this sense, indeed, he was an ethical teacher, and a very great one; he insisted that the universe was on the side of love and goodness. "Not by hatred can hatred cease, but only by refusing to hate: this is the nature of things." In this nature of things he affirmed his own unshakable faith. He calls it the *Dharma* or Norm, and bases his own *Dharma* or Way upon it.

The early sculptors represented this great "Elder Brother of Mankind," as the texts call him, as both mystic and ethical teacher. In some of the greatest statues, such as that at Anurādhapura, he is seen seated "erect like a flame in a windless place," with his eyes closed and his hands folded. He is the greatest of Indian *Yogis*, enjoying the transcendental states of his own consciousness. He is the Buddha "in *Nibbāna*," calm in the midst of storm, and joyous in the midst of sorrow. The Ajanta fresco of his temptation is a typical expression of this idea, and there are many others, from Borobodur in the far south to Tibet in the far north.

If the characteristic tenet of Indian philosophy is the One behind the many, the keynote of Buddhist thought is this of the abiding amidst the transient,

the calm amidst the storm, the island-refuge amidst the conflagration.

Other great works show him as moral teacher with the smile of a Socrates on his lips; with finger and thumb held together as he expounds the Middle Path between sensuality and austerity. "Have no fear," he seems to say, as he lays his finger upon the cause of suffering, and expounds the Four Noble Truths. These foundation-stones of the Buddhist system are a kind of medical diagnosis and a moral remedy. First is the truth that all things are sorrowful—"out of joint"; second, that there is a cause for this disharmony; third, that this cause is *Tanhā*, or thirst; and fourth, that the way to extinguish this is by way of the "Eightfold Noble Path." It is a ladder for the mystic, ending in rapt contemplation; but the lower rungs of it are right ideas, attitudes, actions and words —possible for all. Even the layman can choose a right livelihood, avoiding harmful occupations, and can live a kindly and honest life.

True mysticism is ethical to the core, and the Buddha's mysticism has its deep inner meaning, as well as its outer ethical expression. The famous monkeys of Nikko are a good symbol of this two-sided truth. To the masses they are saying: "See no evil; hear no evil; speak no evil"; to the initiate they speak of that hidden truth which "eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor tongue uttered." The mystic alone understands the paradoxes of the poet:

> O world invisible, we view thee,
> O world intangible, we touch thee.

But to those who have not entered into this experience he can only point the way, a way of moral conduct. Thus the way to the *Tao* of Chinese mysticism is the *Te* of Chinese morality; they are set side by side in the classical Tao-Te-King: the way to the mystic Logos of St. John, in whom is Life and Light, is by the path of human love.

Accordingly to the lay people Gotama teaches a splendid and sane Way of Virtue, parallel to that for the monk, yet different. He accommodates his teaching to the needs and the intelligence of the pupil. Finding the young Sigalo worshipping the gods of the four quarters, he shows him that, as gods of the East are mother and father; as gods of the West are wife and children; as gods of the South are teachers; as those of the North, friends and associates; as those of the Zenith are the monks and Brahmins; and as those of the Nadir are servants and other dependents.[1]

It is well that the monastic recorders have preserved for us such bits of lay Buddhism as this. It is an interesting parallel to the teaching of Jesus, that for a man to offer to God what he ought to give to his parents is hypocrisy, and it reveals the honesty of Sākyamuni in calling men to reality, and in combating superstition. To all he had a message of sincerity and moderation.

With splendid sanity this Indian layman called upon the Brahmin to be himself, in conduct as in birth:

> He is a true Brahmin who is pure and upright.
> Not by birth only, but by conduct is he a Brahmin.

[1] *Digha Nikaya*, III, 185.

To his own caste, kings and warriors, he suggests a new and higher chivalry. "He is the true warrior who worries none," he says, and Buddhist art eagerly seized upon this principle of *Ahimsā*—so well formulated in our time by Mahatma Gandhi—and made it simple for all who wished to understand.

Very early Indian sculptors show us the King of the Apes saving his tribe, laying down his life for his people, and teaching the King of Men that it is better to save life than to take it. Here was a great thought which captured Asoka, and which he in turn taught to his peers. We may say that the compassionate spirit of Sākyamuni laid hold of these old tales and used them to correct the Indian ideal of Detachment. In him *Bodhisattva* blends with *Arhat*, the prophetic type with the *Yogi* type, the extrovert with the introvert.

To the priests the Buddha has many things to say, reminding them, like the Prophets of Israel, that the sacrifice of the spirit is far better than a thousand burnt offerings. Such realism in the spiritual world could not fail to capture the allegiance of the earnest and sincere.

Another reason for the success of this great teacher was that he spoke in the vernacular and in the idiom of the common people, and that he used illustrations drawn from the life of village and jungle. His parables are not easily forgotten, and his dealings with men are kindly and full of humour.

To one persistent inquirer who demands first causes, he paints a humorous picture of a man pierced with a poisoned arrow, who will not have it taken out

until he has discovered the caste and name and appearance of the archer, the make of his bow, the nature of the arrow. "He will die before the doctor can do his work," he says with a smile. So for fifty years his kindly ministry went on—as he passed from jungle to village and from village to court, calling men to choose the True Way, and quizzing them with Socratic irony.

Sweeper and prince, harlot and priest are alike drawn to him by his courtesy, and become his monks or nuns, or are made by his searching questions or his silences to find truth for themselves. This kindly humour persists even at the moment of death. He has eaten with a humble follower a dish of tough pork: he recommends his host to bury the rest of it, as only a Buddha could digest it; and when it brings on an attack of dysentery he lies calmly upon his right side, and comforts his sorrowing disciples with the doctrine of transience: "All things are passing. How can it be that anything which is born should escape death? Work out your salvation with zeal, and you will find freedom."

We see him annoyed by a stout disciple who fans him as he is dying, and explaining to the faithful Ananda that all the gods are seeking to look at him, and that this stout person gets in their way. Early sculptors show us this touching scene, and the great kakemonos of Chinese and Japanese temples have delighted to depict the calm figure of the Master, with gods, men, demons and animals in paroxysms of grief around him.

The account of his death may be compared with

those of the death of Socrates and of Jesus. They are all told in part by eye-witnesses (with later theological comment); and we see each great teacher serene, and thoughtful for the well-being of his disciples; for all rest upon the bed-rock of a great conviction that their work is done and that others will carry it on, for they have been working with Eternal Truth. The Buddha's faith is in the reasonableness of the universe and in the pervading influences of truth and goodness. "As the scent of jasmine spreads even against the wind, so is the fragrance of a good deed."

He cannot say with Jesus that he commits his spirit into the keeping of a Divine Father, nor can he promise the coming of a Comforter to continue with his disciples. The one great teacher is in the line of the Indian *rishis*, to whom the Unseen is a mystery, yet who "see" Truth and Reality with the eye of intuition: the other is in the line of the great Hebrew prophets to whom the intuitions of the spirit are a "Whisper of Jehovah," and who interpret the Eternal in personal and intimate terms. It is eloquent of the needs of human hearts and minds that the Buddha himself was soon to be deified as "God over the gods," and that India had to seek in other personal saviours, Krishna and Siva, a human embodiment of the *Atman*. Buddhism itself in the lovely form of Avalokiteśvara soon found a comforter and a successor to the Lord.

The Buddha himself seems not wholly to have discouraged an attitude of devotion on the part of the laity: "The monk who would reach *Nibbāna* must tread the Eightfold Noble Path: but whoso would

attain a birth in heaven, let him follow me with love and faith."

So we find, even during his lifetime, a band of devotees gathering about him, kings, Brahmins and rich merchants among them, and their support and help did much to establish the Buddhist Order. In an Asokan sculpture we see a king in his four-horse chariot going up "to worship the Lord" by paying honour to his remains: and the pilgrimages to the birthplace, to the place of enlightenment, to the deer park of the first sermon, and to the scene of his final *Nibbāna*, encouraged this tendency. *Bhakti*, devotion, is one great way of salvation. If mystics are content with the One Unseen Reality, the Ineffable, and stoics with an austere morality, ordinary mortals need some avatar to incarnate Eternal Truth—to give it "a local habitation and a name," to make the good lovable in the god.

Women are soon to be seen in the sculptures prostrating themselves before the footprints of the *Bhagavan*, or Blessed One, a name which the Buddha seems to have used of himself, and which India applied to him as to Krishna.

That Gotama was a *Kshattriya* is an important fact. Himself a friar, relying wholly upon spiritual sources of truth, he saw that not all could be friars, and there grew up a division of function—the friars to teach, the laity to support them, and to find merit in doing so. That the lay people gave him their whole-hearted devotion is one of the chief reasons for the success of the movement. In the first place the Brahmins had become spiritual tyrants, and kings seized upon the opportunity which this noble teacher offered. Him-

self no foe to the Brahmins, he soon became the centre of a great movement to check their growth, to modify their claims, and to help them be true to themselves. The lay teachings of Buddhism suited the needs of the rulers as Brahminism had not yet learned to do. Like the Gītā of a later date he told them to find salvation in their duty—to use their power to help men, and so to find Reality. The picturesqueness of his Order and the desire to gain merit, as well as his personal fame and the sanity of his teachings of the Middle Path, attracted rich men and women, who became patrons and lay adherents. An early sculpture shows us one of these: he is covering a park with gold pieces, buying it for the Order, and upon it are already two *Viharas* or monasteries, destined to become famous. The frescoes of the Ajanta caves were no doubt the work of skilled artists of a later day, working under royal patronage and instructed by the monks. Some indeed have inscriptions of the donors, as have many of the sculptures of Sānchi and Barhut. Some of the great craft-guilds also became donors and patrons. One sculptured gateway is the gift of "The Ivory Workers of Mithila," and we get many a glimpse (in the works of art of the Asokan and Kanishkan periods) of the organization of these societies and of the rich civilization of these early Buddhist ages.

A great spiritual genius, smiled on by kings and nobles, beloved by the people for his kindliness and sanity, supported by a great experience, the Buddha moves across the stage of Indian history. Sane, realistic, kindly, if caustic at times, serene always, he embodies the Indian ideal of the *guru*, or teacher, and

soon people begin to acclaim him as a *Chakkavatti* in the realm of Spirit—an emperor with a begging bowl!

Gradually myth and legend clustered about him, and by the beginning of our era he is *Devātideva*, God of gods, born painlessly, received by the high gods, acclaimed at each step of his childhood and youth as a Being Supernatural in his wisdom and power, supported by angel-hosts at each crisis, and accepted as higher than Brahmā himself. He has "cast this Great One from his throne," and Buddhism has become a mighty rival to the popular sects of Hinduism.

More amazing still it has been so assimilated to the stock from which it sprang and to its later branches, that it is no longer needed and is reabsorbed into the *Dharma* of Hinduism. The Great Reformer is accepted as an avatar of Vishnu, and what Hinduism does not reclaim the sword of Islam destroys.

But in Ceylon, Burma and Siam the monastic Buddhism of the Elders lives on, and in the Far East the popular Buddhism of the Mahayana, or great Vehicle, thrives—all sects alike reverencing the founder, even if other Buddhas and their attendant *Bodhisattvas* sprung from his loins and embodying his calmness, his wisdom and his compassion, are upon their altars.

A son of India, Sākyamuni belongs to all mankind. No name is so honoured throughout the East; no Indian name is so widely revered throughout the world. For twenty-five centuries his influence has moulded the civilization of the Orient, and it is by no means spent to-day. This is one of the most impressive facts

of history. That an Indian monk embracing poverty, writing no book and setting up no organization, should be recognized to-day as one of the world's greatest teachers and should be deified by half the human race —to this there is only one parallel.

(*b*) KUNG-FU-TZE (OR CONFUCIUS)

A contemporary of Sakyamuni, Kung-fu-tze is as typical of China as he of India. "Although Kung-fu-tze died twenty-five centuries ago," says a Chinese scholar, "the Chinese believe that his fundamental teachings will remain for ever true. . . . They are based on the nature of man, and as we are human beings, no matter of what age or in what region we may live, we may learn from him."

Kung-fu-tze is, in fact, accepted by the Chinese as the "sage of eternity," and he has so fixed the habits of thought and of life of his nation that his teachings may be said to be the strong bond which has maintained the unity and stability of China through all vicissitudes. Of this great man relatively little is known, but what we do know is well attested. He came at a time when the government was weak and brigands strong, and aimed at restoring order.

He was born in 551 B.C., shortly before Sākyamuni, and died in 478, five years later than the Indian sage. In both cases only fables remain to tell us of their early childhood, and the Confucian are borrowed from the Buddhist in large measure, for the two religions have for two thousand years acted and re-acted upon one another. This is illustrated by the

story of Fu Hsi who was asked by the Emperor, who looked at his shoes, "Are you a Confucian?" whereupon he pointed to his Buddhist stole. "You are a Buddhist then?" and Fu Hsi pointed to his Taoist cap. The *San Chiao*, or three religions, are indeed not incompatible with one another; the Chinese, in his more serious moments, will tell you that he draws an ethic for the State from Kung, an other-worldly mysticism from the Taoists, and a gorgeous ceremonial from the Buddhists, or if you catch him in a lighter mood, as he is worshipping Kwan Yin, and then bowing before the picture of Kung-fu-tze, he will defend himself as one who makes assurance doubly sure.

The story which best illustrates the immense hold of Kung-fu-tze upon his people is that of the fabulous "lin" who brought a tablet to Cheng Tsai with the words, "at the decay of the Chow dynasty shall come forth a son of purity, and he shall be a throneless king." If Sākyamuni is dear to Chinese hearts for the spirit of compassion which they find enthroned on his altars, Kung is dear because he has given them ethical principles by which they live and by which the stability of Chinese society is maintained.

Kung was married at the age of nineteen and named his son Li or Carp, the type in Asia of fortitude and persistence; for the carp swims upstream against the current, and is the symbol of strength. A son of a long line of government officials in the province of Shantung, Kung was early appointed controller of granaries, a position which gave him leisure to moralize and philosophize. A diligent student of the classics,

he resolved to restore the Empire to its ancient glories, and he rose to be Minister of Justice in the State of Lu. Applying his politico-social ethic to the government of this state, he brought it to such prosperity that a neighbouring prince grew jealous and sent to the Duke of Lu a gift of eighty dancing-girls and sixty race-horses. Ranged on the one side was Kung-fu-tze and on the other the weak will of the Duke, seduced from reform to ancient luxury. Sadly the Sage withdrew and became a peripatetic philosopher followed by a devoted band of disciples, but finding no ruler who would accept his moral principles and apply them in political life. This disappointment is reflected in some of the sayings treasured by his disciples under the name of *Lun Yu*, Conversations or Analects: "No wise ruler arises, no one in all the Empire will make me his master; my time has come to die." Faithfulness and sincerity being the bedrock of the teaching of Kung, the corrupt China of his day was willing only to applaud his sayings, not to apply them. "If a country had only good rulers for a hundred years, crime would be stamped out and the death penalty abolished." To the Duke of She, who consulted him about good government, the Sage replied: "Government is good when it makes happy those who live under it and attracts those who live far away," and again: "If the ruler is self-controlled, the people will be docile. A virtuous ruler is like the pole-star, it keeps its place and all the other stars do homage to it. To govern is to keep straight."

These somewhat naïve sayings are, of course, all based upon the old Chinese text that the ruler is to

his people as heaven to earth, and since the revolution the eyes of China have turned to the rather more democratic Mencius, for China's emperors have in most instances preferred to discuss morality and to leave it at that. The Sage died a disappointed man, repeating these words:

> Huge mountains wear away, alas,
> The strongest trees decay, alas,
> And the sage himself, like grass
> Must fade, alas.

His disciples mourned three years by his tomb, and the faithful Tze Kung mourned another three. Yet four centuries went by before Kung became in any sense a national figure. Then his dream came true, and under the Han dynasty China was restored to her ancient glory. Its first emperor, Kao Tsou, ordered his books to be re-edited and preserved, though as a matter of fact only one, the *Annals of Spring and Autumn*, a history of the State of Lu, really comes from his brush. In the year A.D. One the first temple was erected to his memory, and in A.D. 739, fourteen hundred years after his death, he was canonized with the title Prince of Illustrious Learning, and made an object of worship in opposition to Buddhist divinities. In our own time the Dowager Empress proclaimed him God. Kung-fu-tze is to-day worshipped as the embodiment of Chinese morality, as the true gentleman, the *Chun-tse*.

His is a reasonable and humorous morality, honest, balanced, untouched with mysticism and less romantic than its three rivals in China. When they told the

Master, for instance, that his great contemporary, Lao-tze, was teaching men to return good for evil, he said, "What then is to be the return for good? Return justice for injustice and good for good." A key-word of his system is *shu*, often translated reciprocity, but better sympathy. When they asked him how men could live together in peace and goodwill, he replied, "By teaching them *shu*," and another principal virtue which he delighted to expound was *jên*, or social goodness. If *shu* is the negative, *jên* is the positive aspect of love for one's fellow-men. To *shu* and *jên* must be added *chung*, loyalty, an inner spirit of faithfulness, of which *li*, good form, is the outward expression. Neither can exist without the other: "'Good form,' men keep repeating," he says in the Analects, "does it consist in mere formality?" These are the keys to understanding his system. Man is a social being, first as a member of the family, which is the Chinese unit, and then as a member of the State, which should model itself on the family. Many Chinese adorn their rooms with two scrolls, made up of Chinese characters, each containing a picture; the first reads, "When father and son work together mountains are changed into gems," and the second reads, "When brothers are harmonious in heart the earth is changed into gold." All that is needed as the basis for a sound state is sound families, and Kung teaches that "all within the four seas are brothers," and that if a man is a good son he will also be a good subject, and that if a ruler is a good father his people will behave like good sons.

There is a certain dry humour in many of the sayings of Kung-fu-tze: "In a state governed by my

principles, poverty and low station are things to be ashamed of; in all ill-governed state be ashamed of riches and rank." His *Chun-tse*, or aristocrat, is a delightful figure, courteous, courageous, highly cultured, and it has been normative for China. Of his brilliant and gemlike aphorisms, his disciples have left us many in the Analects.

The Master said, "Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced, but does Heaven say anything?"[1]

The Master said, "If my principles are to advance, it is so ordered. If they are to fall to the ground, it is so ordered."[2]

The subjects on which the Master did not talk were prodigious things, feats of strength, disorder and spirits.[3]

He sacrificed to the spirits as if they were present.[4]

Someone asked the meaning of the great sacrifice. The Master said, "I do not know. He who knew its meaning would find it as easy to govern the empire as to look on this"—pointing to his palm.[5]

The Master being very sick, Tse-lao asked leave to pray for him. He said, "May such a thing be done?" Tse-lao replied, "It may. In the Prayers it is said, 'Prayer has been made to you, the spirits of the upper and lower worlds.'" The Master said, "My praying has been for a long time."[6]

[1] XVII, xix.
[2] XIV, xxxviii, 2.
[3] VII, xxii.
[4] III, xii.
[5] III, xi.
[6] VII, xxxiv.

The Master's frequent themes of discourse were—the Odes, the Book of History, and the maintenance of the Rules of Propriety.

The Master said, "If a man keeps cherishing his old knowledge so as continually to be acquiring new, he may be a teacher of others."[1]

The Master said, "I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out anyone who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to anyone, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson."[2]

The Master said, "Learn as if you could not reach your object, and were always fearing also lest you should lose it."[3]

The Master said, "A scholar, whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with."[4]

The Master said, "The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort, is not fit to be deemed a scholar."[5]

The Master said, "The accomplished scholar is not an utensil."[6]

Fan C'hi asked about knowledge. The Master said, "It is to know all men."[7]

Such was China's great man, Confucius: teacher, thinker, musician, sage.

[1] II, xi.
[2] VII, viii.
[3] VII, xvii.
[4] IV, ix.
[5] XIV, iii.
[6] II, xii.
[7] XII, xxii, 1.

(*c*) SHŌTOKU

Japanese civilization begins in the sixth century of our era, and it is characteristic of Japan that it came in the person of a great ruler. This was Shōtoku, Prince Regent (543-622), before whose time Buddhism had made several tentative attempts to establish itself. Missions from Korea, which had but lately become Buddhist, came in the first quarter of the fifth century. They brought images, scriptures, and commendations of Buddhism as the religion of the civilized nations, such as the following letter from the King of Kudara (one of the kingdoms of Korea) to the Emperor of Japan:

"This teaching is the most excellent of all teachings. It is hard to understand and very hard to master: even . . . Kung-fu-tze could not grasp it. But it brings infinite and immeasurable fruits to the believer, even to final enlightenment. Just as the *chintamani* (magic) jewel is said to give inexhaustible wealth to its possessor, so the treasure of this glorious law never ceases to give assurance to those who seek for it. Moreover, it has come to Korea from far-off India, and the peoples of the countries lying between these two are now all its supporters."

But the clans were suspicious, especially the Mononobe and the Nakotomi, a kind of priestly guild who were naturally jealous for their local gods, and opposed themselves to the policy of copying the mainland. The Emperor Kimmei was at once charmed and frightened: the thought of a great mainland religion and of its civilizing power interested him, and

he summoned a council to discuss it. The prime minister, Soga-no-Iname, favoured its adoption, and was backed by the Otomos, sailors who knew Korean culture, but others feared the Kami and desired isolation, and the Emperor temporized. He handed over images and books to Iname, and left the question open. Iname lodged the new god in his villa, and when a great fire broke out, followed by famine, the books were seized and burnt, and the Buddhas thrown into a lake. The progress of the new religion was thus checked, and there it would have remained, a hobby of the Sogas, who continued to patronize missions from Korea and China, had it not been that the Empress Suiko and her regent, Prince Wumayado (or Shōtoku), fell in love with the new religion. The almost hysterical fervour of the Empress was controlled by the masterly intellect of the Prince.

Making a careful study of Buddhism and Confucianism, he used great selective skill in framing a "Code of Seventeen Articles." Like the Edicts of Asoka they emphasize unity and faith: "Courtesy must be the rule for all officials." "Let all practise the Buddhist virtue of patience: and put faith in the *Dharma*." Like the Edicts and the Analects they emphasize the high position of the Emperor: "He is to be regarded as Heaven, his subjects as Earth": they also insist that "without sages no country can be governed in peace": and that without filial piety there can be no loyalty to the Throne. Here was a timely challenge: "In our land," says Shōtoku, "each class has its own views, and few possess the light. Disloyalty to sovereign and parents, disputes among neigh-

bours, result." He refers especially to the feuds of the great clans, and he determined to show to his people a microcosm of Buddhist harmony. On the Inland Sea he built a model settlement with art-school, orphanage and pilgrim-hostel, to welcome all comers, and to demonstrate the unity of Japanese culture with that of the mainland. Of his college foundation at Horiuji much more remains: to visit it is a memorable experience, and it is only one of a great group of temples which were soon to girdle the new capital of Nara. Situated on the Yamato plain, it is surrounded by rice-fields and hidden by stunted pines: the hills are low, and the fields and trees are small, and as one approaches the venerable group of buildings one's first impression is one of disappointment. But within all is serenity and beauty. Through gnarled pines and white-sanded alleys leads a pilgrim-way trodden by untold millions. And beside the Central Hall, or *Kondo,* rises the graceful storeyed pagoda. In these remarkable remains of the first group of this college foundation of Shōtoku are commemorated the Buddha Sākyamuni as teacher, and here Shōtoku expounded the "Lotus of the Good Law."

The other scriptures chosen were the Shoman-kyo, which tells of the model Buddhist Queen Srimala, and the Yuima-kyo which tells of the lay saint Yuima. From Horiuji there went out a lay Buddhism of compassion and practical service, and if it and its successors, the great cathedral of Nara and the clustering temples of Kyoto, capital for a thousand years, were to become over-prosperous and to degenerate into capitalistic enterprises, yet they were the cradle and workshop

of Japanese arts and crafts, and Shōtoku is rightly regarded as the patron saint of these characteristic products of the nation which calls him Teacher.

Nor was Shōtoku only a great pioneer in religion and the arts. He was a far-sighted statesman, who saw that the clans must be subordinated to the Throne. His enthusiasm for the new religion was in part due to its power to unify men, and inspire them to loyalty and service. His commentaries are in excellent Chinese, and his Code shows that he had a good working knowledge of Confucian classics. His knowledge of the Lotus Scripture—his great commentary on which is still extant—is thorough and penetrating, revealing him as a student also of the greatest of Buddhist thinkers, Nāgarjuna.

Shōtoku himself expounded this great scripture: with its note of universal salvation and of compassion it was well fitted to commend Buddhism to his people. His brocade robe is still preserved, and in his meditation-hall—the Yumedono or Room of Dreams—is an exquisite tall Kwannon from Korea, perhaps the loveliest religious statue in the world.[1] With her his grateful people identified him, and when he died they said, "Sun and moon are darkened," and ordered the great sculptor Tori—son of a Chinese settler—to complete the grand pyramidal bronze statue of Sākyamuni which he had begun in intercession for the Prince in his long illness. Finished in 600, it is a masterpiece akin to the sculptures of Wei China; and even more remarkable is the black wooden Miroku or Maitreya in the little nunnery of Chuguji. Wrongly attributed to

[1] See a good copy in the British Museum.

Shōtoku himself, it breathes an air of other-worldly calm and compassion. This lovely figure with one foot on the lotus is poised in the Tusita heaven, and seems hesitating whether to be reborn among men. Here, too, on the door and walls of the lovely little Tamamushi or Beetles' Wing shrine are early Korean paintings—the Hungry Tigress Jātaka and others—and it is itself a brilliant example of Korean craftsmanship.

Prince Shōtoku is the Father of Japan. He found anarchy and darkness, and he left order and light. He found a people just emerging from barbarism, and he led them with consummate wisdom and industry into the ways of a high culture, and into the paths of peace. He began a process of centralization which came to its fruition a century later, and of adaptation of things Chinese and Korean which flowered in the next eras, when Japan developed her own culture, changed Confucianism to suit her feudal life, and made Buddhism her own by blending it with the cult of her national Kami. "Shōtoku," says Dr. Nitobe, "was great as a builder of state, as a patron of art and as an advocate of continental culture." It was to Korea—closely related by ties of blood—that he looked most expectantly, but also to the China of the Sui or pre-T'ang era. We know something of its achievements, but we have not yet glanced at the great culture of Korea—partly derived from India and China, partly indigenous. Delicate paintings akin to the earliest decoration of Han pottery and bronze are to be found in Korean graves of these early centuries, and here are the models of architecture and sculpture which the Japanese took with eager hands and open minds.



KWANNON (OR MIROKU) AT CHUGUJI, JAPAN. SEVENTH CENTURY
(Attributed to Prince Shotoku)



VII

KOREA'S HERITAGE

"KOREAN mother, Malayan father," is a popular summary of theories as to the origins of the Japanese, and it is clear that Japan owes a great debt to her Korean neighbours.

The Koreans trace their history back to the legendary founder Tankun (2331 B.C.). They recognize also the Chinese, whom they call Kitja, who came with a large colony and settled near the modern Phyongyang in 1122 B.C.; and other Chinese influences are evident in their civilization. But it is not till 57 B.C. that we come to reliable history: then Silla, the southern kingdom, with its capital at Kyongtju or Keishu, became dominant, and its era lasted a thousand years. We know much of its great arts, and from it and the other early kingdoms, Pakche and Kokuryo, the Japanese got not only much secular civilization—a script and a literature—but the great gift of Buddhism and its rich arts. Horiuji is a veritable museum of Asiatic cultures in the sixth and seventh centuries of our era. During this time Silla was absorbing the kingdom to the north, and it may suffice to look at

the culture of this gifted people, as it is seen partly in early Japan and partly in its native setting.

Korean tombs are of three kinds: dolmans, found chiefly in the north are probably the oldest; some reach colossal proportions and go back many millennia. Belonging to the third and fourth centuries are pyramidal tombs of six storeys, built of great granite blocks. Between these types are mounds, some belonging to the Han era and made of clay bricks, often decorated within with wall paintings of great delicacy and grace.

Some are royal tombs like the famous Tamyo, or great tomb of Phyongyang. It is about thirteen centuries old, and about thirty feet high; and its granite slabs are decorated with intricate designs and mythical animal-forms and angels. To the same century belongs the great "two-pillared tomb," also decorated with mural paintings. These are amongst the oldest frescoes of the Far East, and like those of Ajanta show an art already far advanced. The great stone pillars of the Sangyong tomb are unique: a splendid pair of hexagonal monoliths with richly decorated lotus-bases and capitals, and a group of human figures—the king and his court, perhaps—are strangely modern in their fur-lined coats and pleated skirts or wide trousers. The colours used—orange, green and red—are well preserved, and the designs are striking and original.

These are of unique interest for their vivid and harmonious colouring, their natural poses and skilful drawing, and for the evidence they provide of the national costume in early centuries. They are akin to

the famous Korean portrait of Shōtoku attributed to Prince Asa. The pigments are made from minerals and precious stones (as often in China), and laid upon a polished granite surface.

Of the religious beliefs that animated these tomb-makers we get a vivid glimpse in the tomb of Yang-won of the mid-sixth century, with its symbols of the four quarters and its vigorous fighting dragon, symbol of good, in the act of conquering the snake, symbol of darkness and evil. Here is allegorized the eternal duel between the Yang and the Yin, the principles of good and evil, whose entwined forms make the Korean crest. The dead are seen to be greatly honoured, and many unopened tombs guard treasures of gold and jade such as the elaborate crowns and flutes shown in the Keishu museum, buried, as in T'ang China, to delight the spirits of the departed.

Such were the arts of early Korea—influenced by China, yet strikingly original, and when we examine the monuments of early Korean Buddhism, its colossal bells decorated with delicate traceries, and its images of other-worldly beauty, we may say without hesitation that in Korea the Far East reached one of its great eras in the fifth and sixth and seventh centuries. Nowhere nearer than Ajanta is there anything more remarkable than the sculptured cave of Sokūkulam, which looks upon the Japan Sea.

Its tunnel-shaped entrance and circular cloistered hall are decorated with twenty-seven sculptured slabs, and temple-guardians, and four threatening kings in armour lead up to two stout supporting pillars. Passing between them the pilgrim bows before the great

white seated Sākyamuni, and makes the perambulation on a circular stone pavement about him. The apse of the cave is roofed in with a vast stone lotus, and decorated with splendid bas-reliefs of *Bodhisattvas* and *Arhats*. These vivid figures—some gracious and some rugged and muscular—are all masterpieces, and in anatomical perfection and flowing draperies they have never been surpassed in the Far East.

In the museums of the capital Seoul are exquisite bronze figures of Kwannon and of Miroku (Maitreya) which speak of detachment and calm, marvellously blent with compassion and interest in human affairs: nowhere has the religious spirit of mankind shown itself with more grace and true inwardness than in these statues, and in their contemporaries, also Korean, at Horiuji. Of the tall Kwannon of the Yumedono, or Hall of Dreams, one can only say that it is an other-worldly vision realized by the mind and hand of a master.

Imagination and strength, moderation and grandeur, vigour and repose are the hallmarks of this classic art. And if Korea got much from China she put her own stamp upon it, and served as a medium between the China of Wei and Sui and T'ang and the Japan of the Nara and Heian eras.

Her weavers and potters, bronze-casters and masons, all reached a high skill; and many of them, settling in Japan side by side with scholars and painters and architects, helped the emerging civilization of the islanders to reach its own characteristic expression of the spirit of Asia.

Such, in brief, was the civilization and the mission

of early Korea. That of contemporary China we must study in its Confucian and Taoist as well as its Buddhist phases, in its elegance of artificial city life, and in the robust and hard life of its masses. These neighbouring countries contributed much to Japan, at first through infiltration, later through deliberate imitation and adaptation. From this cross-fertilization the Yamato Damashii, or spirit of the Japanese, was enriched, and produced its own characteristic art and drama, improving in sculpture and perhaps in architecture on its models, and developing in the Tokugawa age a very perfect feudal system such as China and Korea had not known. If we seek in a word to characterize this process at work, we may say that it is that of omission, of simplification; and that it was accomplished with a sure instinct for beauty of line and purity of surface and colour.

VIII

THE NARA AGE

THE grand figure of Shōtoku ends one era and begins another. This is known as the Nara age, and lasts from A.D. 645 to 780. Japan has now emerged as a civilized nation. She has been laid open to the cultural influences of the mainland; a central authority has been set up and symbolized in a religion of profound and mystical thought, and a new impetus has been given to people and sovereign to dwell together in unity. These influences culminated in three great achievements of the Nara age, the "Great Innovation" Taikwa, the establishment of Nara as a capital, and the consecration of its vast and splendid cathedral.

These are the notable events of the reigns of the great emperors, Kotoku (645-651) and his successors, Tenchi (661-671) and Mommu (697-703), co-founders of constitutional monarchy; and of Shomu, who, in 749, dedicated his great cathedral with unparalleled splendour as a symbol of national unity.

Now, as Okakura Kakuzo was the first to realize, there is a new unity in Asia from Ujjain to Chang-an

and to Nara, manifest in the songs of Kālidasa, of Li Po, and of Hitomaru as well as in the grand works of Buddhist civilization from Ajanta to Lung-men and to Horiuji. Secular unity followed the tide of spiritual life: Buddhism became its vehicle, as it was its herald.

We see Vikramaditya awaking the spirit of India and Tai Tsung that of China, strong unifiers of their lands; and in Japan it is Tenchi who acts as unifier and stimulator.

Nor are these isolated phenomena: if Nara studied Chang-an no less did Chang-an study Ujjain: it is an age of cosmopolitanism and of careful comparative study in things religious and secular. The canons of Indian art are now articulate, as are those of China: and Buddhists and Hindus, Nestorians and Confucianists, Zoroastrians and Moslems, are meeting and conversing in great cities and on great trade-routes.

If printing is slowly to find its way from China to Europe, it finds its way immediately to Japan; and if Indian medicine and mathematics are to travel slowly west with Arab traders, they spread as rapidly east as Buddhist missions can carry them. More than sixty drugs are preserved at Nara, dating from the eighth century. The succession of scientific minds from Aryabhatta to Varamihira and from him to Susruta has something of real development in scientific work, which suggests ancient Greece or modern Europe, and Buddhist monks link these Indians with the Far East and carry their theories with them.

This is an age of spiritual tranquillity and great achievement in all the arts, and calm, lovely images are its symbols. Okakura tells the delightful story of

three Asiatics meeting in Loyang, who say to one another, "We form a fan, of which I from China am the paper, you from India are the ribs, and you from Japan the small but essential clasp."

For the Japanese now began to play a vigorous part in these Asiatic cultures, and their bronzes are as grand as anything the mainland has produced; while the architecture which survives tells us of the perished glories of Gupta, T'ang and Silla. The frescoes of Horiuji which belong to the eighth century remind us at times of Ajanta and at times of Tun-huang, and the best copies of Ajanta paintings are those made by Japanese artists, destroyed for the most part in the great earthquake of Tokyo.

In Japan this era is named after the Imperial city of Nara, modelled on that of Chang-an; it is the age of the adoption and gradual adaptation of Chinese culture, till a new national culture emerges. That which succeeds it is the Heian era, also one of imitation, but also of the full naturalization of Korean and Chinese culture on Japanese soil, and of the beginnings of things characteristically Japanese. The Nara age is itself sometimes divided into Haku-ho (645-709) and Tempyo (710-780). In 710 the capital was moved to Nara, and the "Age of Heavenly Peace" was inaugurated. But before this could be done the reforms of Shōtoku had to be carried further, and the clans brought to heel. Hitherto the aristocrats had assumed the chief offices, and had built up strong followings of henchmen and serfs, and had come to own large estates. Chief among these great houses was the Imperial family, which was supplied from its own

lands. There were no national taxes, but feudal service was exacted by each chief, and he taxed his peasantry, besides enslaving many of them, on one pretext or another. Often the poor could obtain no land to till, because of the rapacity of the great houses: and these, as the Emperor Kotoku said, "never ceased to fight one another."

The Reformation of Taikwa is notable, in that it brought both the people and the land under state-ownership; that the country was subdivided into provincial districts to be governed by officials appointed by the Emperor, intended to take the place of great properties governed by hereditary chiefs, that a census was taken, and the harvest assessed for taxation, which still bore heavily on the people.

They had to provide also a horse for public service from each hundred houses, and a labourer from each fifty houses for service of the Throne: his maintenance and that of a maid-of-honour and her attendants also fell upon the people. They were themselves divided into serfs and freemen, and throughout this era serfdom was widespread, great religious and secular houses having an army of such unhappy people working for them.

The Taiho statutes are the codified expression of this Great Reform, made by a committee in 701. They consist of a constitution for the State, and of laws concerning land, slaves, ceremonies, penalties and warfare. All land was now divided into "official" land belonging to the State, and "private" land, whose crops went to its owner, but with no proprietary rights. All land, in fact, belonged to the Crown which, how-

ever, made "grants" to the people and to officials. Certain lands belonging to temples or schools were exempt from taxation, and so were lands granted to liberated serfs. In almost all its details—and they are very complicated—the Taiho legislation is a copy of that of Sui and of T'ang China, and if it did not fit Japan exactly, it yet marked the centralization of government. As the "Golden Mirror" of Tai Tsung was the model for these reforms, so the elaborate civilization of T'ang China was also copied by the court: and in the Shosoin Treasury of Nara, an epitome of the civilization of the Japanese capital has been preserved, more than three thousand objects of art and luxury, largely borrowed or copied from T'ang China. Nara was itself a copy of Chang-an, and built according to Chinese ideas, on a site where three mountains meet two streams.

But even at this early stage the Japanese were not mere imitators. As the *Nihongi*, or annals of Japan, blend Japanese ideas with Chinese, so the Reforms of Taikwa accept the Chinese state system only to fit it to the Japanese theory of sovereignty and of society. Now for a brief space the Emperor actually rules—no longer merely the head of a ruling clan, and not yet the puppet of such a head; but he never attains the position of his great contemporaries in China. Three great officials and eight ministers, besides all provincial governors, are appointed by the Throne, and as in Mauryan India these officials are held responsible for the welfare of the masses, and for taking a census of them and of the common lands, and of the water-supply of the villages.

Something was done to lighten the burdens of the people. The old tax of one-tenth of the produce of their fields, and the old forced labour were now remitted, and the power of the feudal lords was checked by a benevolent autocracy.

Tenchi (661-671) and Mommu (697-703) carried on the reforms instituted by Kotoku, and education became an Imperial care. Tenchi lived simply, in a wooden house, and is justly esteemed for his goodness and wisdom, as is Mommu for his Taiho statutes—thirty chapters of a detailed civil code and twelve of criminal legislation. It was during the reign of his mother, the Empress Gemmyo (708-715), that the capital was moved to Nara, and for seventy-five years this was the Imperial city. Here the monks of the great Abbey of Nara began to play a baleful part, and one Dokyo became the most powerful subject of the Empire: head of the Church, spiritual director and chief physician to the Empress. He was also, it is hinted, her paramour during her second period of rule, and seems to have aimed at becoming Emperor.

The Empress Koken, who took the name of Shōtoku, was a devout but superstitious Buddhist: it was she who had the first Buddhist book printed in Japan, a mere jumble of charms or mantras in Chinese characters representing Sanskrit sounds which no one understood, but which were considered of great potency. It has been pointed out by a recent writer that the first lines to be printed in Europe, some six and a half centuries later, were a similar bit of nonsense, a jingle which says that whoso sees the likeness of St. Christopher will escape death; and as the

Buddha-image was endlessly printed as a charm by Asia, so that of this useful saint was printed in Europe.[1] But Buddhism was no more mere quackery in early Japan than Christianity was in mediæval Europe Both religions were building great civilizations, the by-products of their monasticism; both were fostering medicine, and caring for the sick; both were the mothers of universities and schools. Buddhism had six centuries' start, and had peoples already largely civilized and gentler than the barbarians of Europe to deal with. And the gentle spirit of the compassionate Sākyamuni called forth a response like that of St. Francis to the spirit of Jesus more commonly in Asia than in Europe. This is illustrated by a curious parallelism of myth and legend: the Empress Komyo of the Nara period not only founds a leper-asylum, but herself bathes a leper—to find the Buddha standing beside her.

Centralization of the Imperial power and adoption of the culture of Korea and China are then the main features of the era. It is now that the *Kojiki* is written in archaic Japanese mixed with Chinese, embodying ancient poems and seeking to make "edifying history" out of them, to support Imperial claims, to connect the cults of emperor and of nature, and to fit all this into a framework of Chinese cosmogony. This work was completed in 712, but is the achievement of the whole era.

The *Nihongi,* completed a few years later, carries the process further; it begins in Chinese fashion: "Of old time, before heaven and earth were separated,

[1] See Pratt, *The Pilgrimage of Buddhism*, p. 468.

before the Yin and Yang parted . . ." attributes to Heaven (Chinese *T'ien*) the conduct of affairs, and puts Chinese edicts and speeches into the mouths of Japanese rulers. In other words, the long history of the Japanese Imperial cult is now being rationalized, and the islands are playing the assiduous pupil to China, which under the Suis and T'angs is a worthy teacher—if not of morals, yet of luxurious and elegant arts.

Shomu (724-749) himself became a monk in his old age, and all his ways were ways of peace. His age is known as the era of *Tempyo* (heavenly tranquillity), and reflects in the sphere of religion the greatness which that of his predecessors reflects in statecraft. He put into practice the ideals of his religion, and with magnificent and soaring imagination built his great cathedral to symbolize its cosmic meaning.

Dedicated to the Buddha Lochana, a heavenly reflection of the Sākyamuni of history, its great central image is seated on a vast lotus, whose petals are engraved with lovely figures of the twenty-five realms of existence, human and divine, and in its great halo are many Buddhas and saints, all united to adore the Sun-Buddha. This colossus is attributed to Gyogi, who sought in image and in clustering shrines to make graphic the unity of all life, of which national unity was to be the symbol and result. Identifying the great Sun-Buddha with Amaterasu, the Imperial ancestress, he began the long process of naturalizing Buddhism by grafting it on to the native stock.

The dedication of the vast cathedral came three years

after its creator had returned to his monastic retreat: but he and his former courtiers attended, and with them in even more splendid apparel from the looms of China and Korea, as well as of their fellow-countrymen, came rank upon rank of abbots and monks in purple and scarlet and gold. Down a long roadway lined with screens decorated with the fair forms of goddesses and court-ladies, swings this gorgeous procession with solemn chant and clouds of incense, and behind and before go court-dancers and musicians with stately rhythm and slow measures from India and Indo-China as well as from the immediate mainland. Their masks and instruments, flute and lute and tambour, are preserved in the treasury of Shosoin. A simple log-cabin to house so much splendour, it stands within the grounds of the great cathedral, and here one may pause in a setting of ancient peace and reconstruct the secular as well as the religious life of *Tempyo*.

On a lovely black lacquer instrument inlaid with gold and silver, where three musicians are seated under a tree, we find the inscription:

> The notes of the lute clear us of evil passion.
> The quietness of an upright mind comes over us;
> Peace prevails, vulgarity flees, and wantonness is tamed;
> Joy and harmony are in the way of righteousness and in avoiding luxury.

The presence of so many instruments of music is eloquent of the refinement of court life. Some of the goblets remind us of Persian or Indian art, and some of the mirrors and porcelains come clearly from Korea

and China. Captain Brinkley, a pioneer in interpreting Japan to the West, has given us a good account of these ancient treasures now shown with much ceremony once a year.

"The story these relics tell is that the occupants of the Nara palace had their rice served in small covered cups of stone-ware with *celadon* glaze—these from Chinese potteries, for as yet the manufacture of vitriable glazes was beyond the capacity of Japanese keramists; ate fruit from deep dishes of white agate; poured water from golden ewers of Persian form, having bird-shaped spouts, narrow necks and bands of frond diaper; played the game of *go* on boards of rich lacquer, using discs of white jade and red coral for pieces; burned incense in censers of bronze inlaid with gems, and kept the incense in small boxes of Paulownia wood with gold lacquer decorations—these of Japanese make—or in receptacles of Chinese *celadon*; wrote with camel's hair brushes having bamboo handles, and placed them upon rests of prettily carved coral; employed plates of nephrite to rub down sticks of Chinese ink; sat upon the cushioned floor to read or write, placing the book or paper on a low lectern of wood finely grained or ornamented with lacquer; set up flowers in slender, long-necked vases of bronze with a purple patina; used for pillows a silk-covered bolster stuffed with cotton and having designs embroidered in low relief; carried long, straight two-edged swords attached to the girdle by strings (not thrust into it, as afterwards became the fashion); kept their writing materials in boxes of coloured or gold lacquer; saw their faces reflected in mirrors of polished metal, having the back repoussé

and chiselled in elaborate designs; kept their mirrors in cases lined with brocaded silk; girdled themselves with narrow leather belts, ornamented with plaques of silver or jade and fastened by means of buckles exactly similar to those used in Europe or America to-day; and played on flutes made of bamboo wood."[1]

A great tradition was handed on by families like the Takaichi, Kawachi, Hada and Osanaga, and the frescoes of Horiuji, influenced as they are by Ajanta and Tung-Huang, may well be the work of Japanese artists of the eighth century. In a painting treasured in the Toji temple at Kyoto we see the careful realism and minute detail so typical of Japanese landscape. Some critics attribute this work to the Heian era, and some to a Chinese T'ang artist: but it well illustrates the characteristics of Japanese art.

The delicate paintings on wood for which Japan is so famous may be said to begin with the Korean models of the Tamamushi shrine, and to go forward steadily to the grand masterpieces of the Imperial palaces—themselves decorated shrines of the national cult.

In bronze-casting the early Japanese made very rapid strides: to the strength of their T'ang prototypes and to the religious idealism of Indian art they add a delicacy and finish which, says Okakura Kakuzo "makes the art of Nara the highest formal impression of . . . Asiatic thought."[2] We must mention especially the great black bronze masterpiece of the Yakushiji, flanked by gods of moon and sun. This is a work unsurpassed by any nation, and it seems clear that the

[1] Brinkley, *Japan*, pp. 147-8.
[2] *Ideals of the East*, p. 114.

Japan of the eighth century entered upon her greatest era of self-realization.

There are brilliant examples, too, of wood-carving and of clay-modelling, to tell us of the grandeur of this era. In architecture we see the tiled roofs of China and Korea taking on a graceful sweeping curve, and a new grace and reticence in decoration. If the oldest buildings at Horiuji belong to the age of Shōtoku, the branch-temple of Yakushiji is of the late seventh century, and the pagoda marks the birth of a true national architecture—"the consummate achievement," says Ralph Adams Cram, "of a people separated by hardly more than a century from practical barbarism."[1] The grace and soaring aspiration of this first truly Japanese pagoda may be compared with the severe and classic masses of the Korean work at Horiuji. If the great bronze Yakushiji of the temple marks the zenith of Japanese sculpture, its pagoda is at once the first and the loveliest flower of Japanese architecture.

Now, too, the foundation of a truly indigenous school of painting—later to be known as Yamatoye, Japanese—were well and truly laid by Kose no Kanaoka. A courtier and no doubt an intimate of great scholars like Michizane who were close students of things Chinese, Kanaoka was surely well acquainted with the masterpieces of Wu-tao-tze, some of whose works are treasured in Japan to this day, notably a great Sākyamuni and Bodhisattvas. It is doubtful if anything by Kanaoka himself remains, but we know that he was a great landscape-gardener, and that he painted delicate landscapes as well as altar-pieces for Buddhist temples

[1] *Impressions of Japanese Architecture*, p. 38.

in which the powerful brush strokes of Wu-tao-tze were imitated. He is credited, too, with a fine portrait of Shōtoku Taishi as a young man, and that he was a brilliant and versatile artist—the father of Japanese painting—seems clear. If he was an imitator of Chinese masters he seems to have been no copyist, but to have gone to local scenes and national heroes for inspiration. If the works attributed to him are themselves copies or even copies of copies, yet the Japanese have in him a master of brush-work. "A picture without the vigorous strokes is like a body without a soul," says Mr. Sei-ichi Taki, editor of the *Kokka*, and he goes on to exclaim that a true artistic triumph is "to represent an object or a scene with the least possible use of strokes" as well as with vigour and life. This is the Japanese criterion also of a good poem.

As in China so here the two are intimately related: "if painting is voiceless poetry, poetry is vocal painting." This has been the strength, at times the weakness, of both arts in Japan. The subjective is sometimes so far emphasized that the meaning remains hidden from all but a very small coterie of the initiated. Poets such as Hitomaro and Yakamochi were the protégés of Shomu and his consort, and if the paintings of the age have perished, its anthology has been preserved in the memories of the people as well as in scrolls. They were to give place by the end of the era to printed books, and soon after to be printed and written in the cursive script invented by Kobo Daishi.

This anthology, known as *Mannyo-shu*, or "Myriad Leaves," "represents the poetic genius of a people just emerging from a primitive outlook, and aspiring

towards deeper sentiments and higher ideals." The transiency of all things is felt amidst the pleasures of the Imperial city, and even in the very beauty of Nature herself. For Buddhism, while it quickened the æsthetic sense and broadened the vision of its devotees, both in time and space gave also its characteristic message of the futility and transience of this phantasmic world. In spite of this it was soon to be the teacher of Japan in many secular arts, including road-making, and the lovely stone bridges whose descendants still charm the eye with their grace and strength.

But Buddhism did not yet greatly alleviate the life of the poor. Upon them the burden of all this splendour fell heavily. They continued to pay for the use of the land which belonged to the Throne, and by the close of the ninth century each farmer was paying about a tithe of the gross products of his land, and was forced to give a full month of labour annually. There were also local taxes and gifts to the monasteries, and the life of the masses was strenuous and simple to the point of severity. The food of the well-to-do was rice and millet; fish, seaweed and certain meats enlivened it as to-day; milk was taken as a medicine, and is still so regarded. The poor enjoyed none of these luxuries. "A poem of the period shows that instead of fish, salt was their principal relish; instead of rice, barley or millet their staple article of diet; and instead of clear *sake* (rice-wine) they drank the lees of the brewer's vat diluted with water."

Our enthusiasm for a great age and a noble religion is damped by the knowledge that the poor carried heavy burdens, and that great monastic houses had

armies of serfs and soon became hot-beds of disorder and intrigue. But Europe has had the same experience of the degeneration of religion, and Japan is putting her house in order.

This gifted nation has become the only living custodian of the art of Asia. As her native cult emphasizes cleanliness, order and loyalty, so she has miraculously guarded and brought into an orderly synthesis the rich gifts of the mainland. As they have known how to use unpainted wood and plaster, undecorated paper and straw, to make their exquisite houses, and can of a stone or two, some sand and a few shrubs produce a garden which is a dream of beauty, so they have taken from here and there much, and have lived with it and made it their own, and out of these things have made a new synthesis.

Such is their *No* drama, their lyric poetry, their code of knightly honour, their tea-ceremonies and their art of meditation. During the Nara and Heian eras these are seen slowly evolving, to be born in splendid maturity during the succeeding centuries. This power of selection and of synthesis is originality of a high order, and if China has its Han poets and its T'ang painters, if Korea has the lovely bells and carvings of its early maturity, Japan in due course produces her own unique and exquisite blossom and fruit.

If the Japanese claim that their land is the Land of the Gods, "infinitely superior to other countries, whose chief and head it is," and if patriotism is frankly a religion with them, they have at least been consistent for fifteen centuries: and in practice they have not hesitated to learn from their inferiors! If the ethic

of their *Kami-no-michi*, or Way of the Gods (so simple that it can be summed up in the words "Honour the Gods, Worship the Emperor"), is justified by the claim that only immoral peoples need elaborate codes, it is more exactly justified by the pragmatic test; it has, in fact, by its very simplicity been a great impetus to the nation, and in its emphasis upon cleanliness it has made a great contribution to the life of the nation.

From it and from the various foreign importations—Confucian social ethics, Buddhist mysticism and pacifism, Taoist naturalism—Japan has made her strong Yamato Damashii stronger. Her soldiers have fitted what they could into their *Bushido*, or Creed of the Knight, and the august Buddhas have been identified with local deities. It is not for nothing that the Japanese have been called the Greeks of Asia. If they borrow they assimilate; if they complicate they simplify. If they are always eager for some new thing, they are amazingly tenacious of their past. Their symbol is the sturdy pine tree, slow-growing amidst storms, venerable in the continuity of its life. It is in tracing the stages of this growth that history has its most interesting task.

IX

THE THREE GREAT SCRIPTURES

We have already seen that the Analects or aphorisms of Confucius have played a normative part in all the Far East. Japan still regards them as the *vade mecum* of scholars and teaches them in all her schools.

For they reveal a fine reverence for the past, a respect for the Unseen, a refusal to dogmatize about it, and for the rest the maxims of a great teacher who believes that his world is good and may be reasonably ordered by a wise ruler with a due sense of the Will of Heaven and of the goodness and reasonableness of his people. They may be conveniently studied in Dr. Lionel Giles' *Sayings of Confucius*, and are essential to the understanding of China, Korea and Japan. Very revealing is the way each has expounded them. Here is the key to the Far East. Even more is the Bhagavad-gītā[1] the key to India: and both works as we know them give us what their people of the later classic age believed about the earlier classic era.

[1] See Dr. Barnett's version in *Temple Classics*, and *The Song Celestial* by Edwin Arnold, and Dr. E. J. Thomas's version in *The Wisdom of the East*.

The Gītā is part of the Great Epic or Mahābhārata, and its teachings of other-worldly peace are set in the midst of a great battle. Here in the "No man's land" between two armies engaged in civil war the Lord Krishna—an ancient hero accepted as Vishnu the Sun-God—teaches Arjuna, the three ways of Salvation, and unifies them.

The book aims at giving to the lay people in attractive form the essence of Indian religion, and its great popularity is the proof of its success. Krishna—shepherd and warrior—is India's idol, and she never wearies of tales of his boyhood and youth, or of his rather technical discourses, which only her scholars really understand in detail but from which all can draw messages of encouragement and good cheer. Our brief Illustrative Readings set forth its many-sided religious teaching and its ideal of the *Yogi* detached and serene yet devoted to the Blessed One.

The Gītā falls into three parts, each of six chapters, and in each part are passages universally known and beloved in India; passages of deep devotion or of profound philosophical significance as well as of moral summaries and exhortations. Nor do its dreadful apocalyptic visions of Krishna as the Destroyer alienate its devotees: they are impressed with the thought that the All-terrible is also the Loving and Approachable.

The Buddhist analogue of the Gītā is the "Lotus of the Good Law," which Shōtoku chose as the foundation of Japanese civilization, and which is essential for understanding Japan. It aims at doing for the historic Sākyamuni what the Gītā does for Krishna. It relates him to the Eternal Order and, like

the Gītā, makes its Lord a unifier who teaches that men may come by differing roads to the goal.

This goal is the realization of oneness with the *Atman*, or Ultimate Reality, and as the Gītā makes it attractive and concrete in the person of Krishna—so that simple people may love it and attain—so the Lotus makes it attractive and concrete in the eternal Sākyamuni—father and friend of all.

It teaches that he is the Eternal who once dwelt in time, and that the great privilege and duty of men is to make him known everywhere.

Buddhism was, in fact, from the beginning a missionary religion, and carried Indian culture to all the Far East. The study of Buddhism is as necessary to the understanding of Asia as that of Christianity is to the understanding of the Western World. And it is all to the good that both religions teach peace and goodwill among men. Upon mutual respect and understanding we may yet build a new world.

What would not a really Christian West achieve in co-operation with a really Buddhist East? And if in the Providence of God both become truly Christian, then is His Kingdom accomplished upon earth. Meantime we can see in the Fourth Gospel a Christian apologia which Asia finds peculiarly acceptable. Knowing the Eternal as Light and Life, she here sees Him as Love Incarnate tabernacling among men, full of grace and truth. And if this is a Divine Word akin to her *Dharma* and her *Tao*, she finds his Gospel of Love one which also fulfils her ideals of *ahimsā*, innocence, of *wu-wei*, spontaneity, of *jên*, altruism.

That is why a Gandhi in India, a Hu Shih in China,

a Kagawa in Japan, all acclaim the Sermon on the Mount as a foundation for the New Order in Asia, akin to and not alien from its own great heritage. If her mystics and theologians adore the Christ of the Johannine Seer, her men of affairs and reformers see in this great sermon the ideal of the unified life.

" It competes on almost equal footing with the Gītā for my allegiance," says Mahatma Gandhi.

" I am attracted by it because it reinforces our own Chinese idealism," says Hu Shih.

" Here is the foundation for the New Society," says Kagawa.

All these are servants of humanity and recognize in the words of that great servant, the Son of Man, the notes of universality and of undying truth.

No three men are doing so much to build the New Asia, and the student may pass on from this summary of Asia's living past to a brief sketch of these pioneers of a better world.

X

THREE GREAT MODERN LEADERS

(*a*) MAHATMA GANDHI

I

THE autobiography[1] of Mahatma Gandhi is one of the world's frankest and most amazing books. Here this great servant of Truth deals truthfully with his own experiments, and lays bare the secrets of his amazing power. His life, as he describes it simply but fully, falls into four main periods, each with its characteristic lessons and experiments with Truth. First, from his birth in 1869 to the end of his Indian schooling in 1888. During this period we see him learning the Hindu *Dharma*, or Way of Life, and discovering something of its strength and of its weakness. His training for the London bar occupies the years 1888 to 1891, and is marked by his discovery of the great principles of national greatness, of democracy and of Christianity, and of the conflicts involved in these principles.

[1] See C. F. Andrews' Trilogy, *Gandhi's Ideas*, *Gandhi's Own Story*, and *Gandhi at Work*.

Third come the twenty years of struggle in South Africa, 1893 to 1913, during which he is working out his three fundamental principles of *Satyagraha*, or soul-force, *Brahmacharya*, or spiritual discipline through purity, and *Ahimsā*, or non-violence. The last period occupies the years 1914 to the present time, when he is the acknowledged leader of India, and is applying his three principles in working for *Swaraj*, or home rule, and *Swadeshi*, or economic independence, through the very powerful weapon of the boycott.

The world-wide interest in this great idealist has no excuse therefore for being misinformed and inaccurate. It can, if it will, see in him not only the central driving force in the remaking of the Indian soul and in the machinery of Indian politics, but the world's leading pacifist and spiritual thinker challenging materialism, atheism and physical force, re-reading history and showing that it is the "meek" who have really conquered. It is as the spearhead of an Asiatic mass-movement which concerns not only the thousand millions in Asia, more than half the human race, but also the coloured peoples of other continents.

It is indeed an act of Divine Providence that these great and ancient peoples are being led in their movement for self-determination by a man whose ways are ways of sincerity and of gentleness. Well has a writer said of him, "Clothed upon with the frailest garment of fleshly incarnation ever known, the Mahatma walks among us as pure spirit," and another writer has said with equal truth, "It is only in Asia that such great power could be wielded by one so pure and so simple." We may remind ourselves before we study this great

figure that Western thinkers have not been slow to hail his achievement. Sir Gilbert Murray wrote of him before the Great War: "Here is one who cares so little for his body that he gives you no hold upon his soul"; and this has been said in more pointed fashion by the admirable Will Rogers of America, who says that there is only one thing the West can do to a man who practises such high ideals, and that is "to put the nut in jail." What a terrible indictment it is of our Western standards! At present we respect Force more than Truth, and it is for this reason that Gandhi's message is of such vital importance. Behind Gandhi are a thousand million questioning our Western ethics, our double standards, our government in the interests of the rich, our submission to the power of the press, and our tolerance of great "combines." Gandhi has seen all this in cities where these problems are at their fiercest. He has been the lifelong champion of the poor against prejudice and oppression, and of the man of colour against injustice and insolence. If we of the West are not ready for co-operation with men of other colours and fail to meet the acid test which they propose, we are headed for the greatest catastrophe of history. Leaders who do not see this are unfit for positions of responsibility, and there is no more humbling or drastic lesson than the study of this meek yet terrible figure.

II

The early life of such a man and his heredity are, then, of the greatest interest. Rarely has a story been

so simply told, or with such insight into the great and moulding influences of early childhood. We see a shy and sensitive boy, almost unquestioning in his obedience to parental authority, firm in his reverence for the vital teachings of religion, yet making experiments in the interests of Truth. He eats meat "because it makes Englishmen big," and smokes tobacco because he sees his uncle doing it, and because of the eternal duty of the young to rebel against imposed authority. The experiments are tragically successful, leading to nausea, nightmare and even an attempt at suicide—so sensitive is the organism of this young seeker. The experiment of marriage is very frankly described, with the childish interest in the wedding ceremony, when "two innocent children unwittingly hurled themselves into the ocean of life." They were then both thirteen, and while marriage at first seemed to imply nothing more than the prospect of "good clothes to wear, drums beating, marriage processions, rich dinners and a strange girl to play with," it very soon developed into a real tyranny. "I took no time in assuming the authority of a husband."

This leads to some fine and courageous writing about the subordination of the Hindu wife: "A servant wrongly suspected may throw up his job, a son in the same case may leave his father's roof, and a friend may put an end to the friendship. The wife, if she suspects her husband, will keep quiet, but if the husband suspects her, she is ruined. Where is she to go? A Hindu wife may not seek divorce in a law court. Law has no remedy for her, and I can never forget or forgive myself for having driven my wife to

that desperation." It is only when he learns the great lesson of continence, and realizes that the wife should be a companion and helpmeet, that young Gandhi becomes unified in his mind. It is this unification, this singleness of eye with its intolerance of double standards, that best helps us to understand him. As C. F. Andrews says, truth and inner purity are with loving-kindness the tripod upon which this great life is built. These are the Indian ideals of *Satya*, *Brahmacharya* and *Ahimsā*, and they must be studied if this great and luminous soul is to be understood.

III

These great ideals can be very simply stated, and are as follows: "I would risk violence one thousand times rather than emasculation of the race . . . but I believe non-violence is infinitely superior to violence." This is *Ahimsā*. It is "the farthest limit of humility," the weapon of those who are spiritually strong; and when one realizes that proud and martial races like the Sikhs have been so filled with its teachings as to come up line upon line in order to be knocked down by the police, and that pregnant women and little children have been made lion-hearted by this teaching, we see it is the weapon not of the weak and cowardly, but of the morally and spiritually brave. It is the courage of Jesus and the Beatitudes.

The second principle, *Satyagraha*, or "soul-force," is a manifestation of *Ahimsā*. It is to use soul-force in the place of bodily weapons, to return love for hate, to be magnanimous yet uncompromising in the

presence of oppression, to oppose the false with truth, the angry with gentleness. *Brahmacharya* is the discipline of spiritual power which the Satyagrahi must practise. Soul-force only works in pure souls, and their goal, which is the realization of God, " can never be realized by one who is not pure of heart."

Students of religion will see at a glance that here are old Indian doctrines which have been filled with a new spirit, and that in describing his testing of his principles and his application of them, Gandhi again and again quotes Tolstoy and St. Paul, and especially the Sermon on the Mount. This, he says, " competes with the Gītā on almost equal footing for my allegiance," and he insists that it be taught in Indian schools. His eclectic spirit, which takes Truth wherever it can find it, is well illustrated in the early period of his life when he reads and thinks for himself, defies the taboos of his religion, has the courage to touch the " untouchables," and to make friends with Mohammedans, and so lays the foundations for his great work of the rebuilding of India through the remaking of its soul.

IV

When we come to his experiences as a young law student in England, and see him " playing the English gentleman," looking into the teachings of Christianity, boggling at some of the Old Testament, we have some excellent reading. " I read the book of Genesis, and the chapters that followed invariably sent me to sleep. . . . I plodded through the other books with much difficulty, and without the least interest or understand-

ing. I disliked reading the book of Numbers. But the New Testament produced a different impression, especially the Sermon on the Mount, which went straight to my heart. I compared it with the Gītā. The verses, ' But I say unto you that you resent not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also . . .' delighted me beyond measure. . . . My young mind tried to unify the teachings of the Gītā, *The Light of Asia*, and the Sermon on the Mount. That renunciation was the highest expression of religion appealed to me greatly." He makes a thoughtful comparative study of religion, and reveals himself as an intuitive eclectic, until at the shrine of his mother (who had died while he was in England), he consecrates himself to a life of service.

Then follows the great epic of the South African struggle, which is well described by Dr. Holmes: " Certain thousands of Gandhi's fellow-countrymen, brought to South Africa to do the menial labour of the land, were outlawed from justice, tortured by discriminative legislation, despised and spat upon by a so-called superior race, and thus visited with misery and threatened with death. In such a situation, the downtrodden in other ages have either abjectly endured and died, or else have risen in mad revolt and perished or escaped amid the horrors of struggle and slaughter. Gandhi, determined that his fellow-countrymen should not bow ' like dumb, driven cattle ' beneath the yoke of oppression, was equally determined that they should not plunge themselves and their oppressors into the agonies of violence and death. Out of the mystery of his own devoted and highly disciplined spirit, he

found a better way. With a skill, patience, and heroism well-nigh unexampled, he took those thousands of ignorant, untrained indentured labourers, sore oppressed in an alien land, and, by sheer power of personal example, welded them into a single body and instigated a non-resistant revolt which brought them, after years of struggle, the freedom they sought. Gandhi's first step was to teach his followers to have no part in the life of a society which denied them the elementary rights of men (non-co-operation). His next step was to discipline his followers to do no violence upon their oppressors—to suffer injury themselves, but to return no injury to others (non-violence). And his last step was to lead his followers to the heroic achievement of serving their oppressors —helping them, coming to their relief and rescue whenever they fell in need (soul-force)." His apprenticeship is thus spent in making the pacific principles of religious idealism the great weapon for overcoming injustice and intolerance.

V

When we pass to his triumphant return to India in 1913, and see him at the feet of Gokhale, that great and constructive servant of India, and with all India looking to him for leadership, we have a further stage in his initiation into politics. This last part of the book is the most detailed and introduces us to scenes more familiar because more recent, and on a vaster scale. We see him continuing his fight for the rights of Indians in British Dominions, returning to South Africa, and

recruiting labourers and even fighting-men for the allied armies (for his adherence to caste and his loyalty to Britain are at war with his pacifism). He is gradually disillusioned as the promises of war-time England are marred by the tragedy of Amritsar, and the follies of the Treaty of Sèvres. He now makes common cause with the Mohammedans, rather naïvely expecting them to respect the cow in return; and begins his five-fold programme for the unification and salvation of India. This programme is the raising of sixty million untouchables into the caste-system, which he accepts; the building of a bridge between Hindus and Mohammedans, and a partnership between men and women, a drastic prohibition campaign, and the spinning-wheel as a remedy for Hindu poverty, a symbol of her unity, and a very heavy scourge for the backs of the British. All this is clearly and objectively told, and the Mahatma stands out as a very practical social reformer, who yet does all this in the pursuit of the realization of truth, or of salvation. His manifold activities are the by-products of his religious quest; and in dealing day by day, honestly and fearlessly, with concrete problems as they arise, he has evolved a magnificent philosophy of life and a heart-searching religious idealism which is very far from spent. His acid tests to government are nearly always realistic and sane; some of them have been nobly met, and it is a tragedy that the proposals for Dominion status have come too late to save misery and bitterness on a vast scale.

VI

The book rises to a noble climax, so typical that it may be quoted in full:

"It is not without a wrench that I have to take leave. I set a high value on these experiments. I do not know whether I have been able to do justice to them. I can only say that I have spared no pains to give a faithful narrative. To describe Truth, as it has appeared to me, and in the exact manner in which I have arrived at it, has been my ceaseless effort. The exercise has given me ineffable mental peace, because it has been my fond hope that it might bring faith in Truth and *Ahimsā* to waverers.

"My uniform experience has convinced me that there is no other God than Truth. And if every page of these chapters does not proclaim that the only means for the realization of Truth is *Ahimsā*, I shall deem all my pains in writing these chapters to have been in vain. And even though my efforts in this behalf might prove fruitless, it is the vehicle, not the great principle, that is at fault. After all, however sincere my strivings after *Ahimsā* might have been, they have still been imperfect and inadequate. The little fleeting glimpses, therefore, that I have been able to obtain of Truth can hardly convey an idea of its indescribable lustre, a million times more intense than that of the sun we daily see with our eyes. In fact what I have caught is only the faintest gleam of that mighty effulgence. But this much I can say, with assurance, as a result of all my experiments, that a perfect vision

of Truth can only follow a complete realization of *Ahimsā*.

"To see the universal and all-pervading Spirit of Truth face to face one must be able to love the meanest of creation as oneself. And a man who aspires after that cannot afford to keep out of any field of life. That is why my devotion to Truth has drawn me into the field of politics; and I can say without the slightest hesitation, and yet in all humility, that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means.

"Identification with everything that lives is impossible without self-purification, without self-purification the observance of the law of *Ahimsā* must remain an empty dream; God can never be realized by one who is not pure of heart. And purification being highly infectious, purification of oneself necessarily leads to the purification of one's surroundings. But the path of self-purification is hard and steep. To attain to perfect purity a man has to rise above the opposing currents of love and hatred, attachment and repulsion, and to become absolutely passion-free in thought, speech and action. I know that I have not in me, as yet, that triple purity in spite of constant ceaseless striving for it. That is why the world's praise fails to move me; indeed it very often stings me. To conquer the subtle passions seems to me to be harder far than the physical conquest of the world by the force of arms. Ever since my return to India, I have had experiences of the dormant passions lying hidden within me. The knowledge of them has made me feel humiliated, but not defeated. The experiences and experiments have

sustained me and given me great joy. But I know that I have still before me a difficult path to traverse. I must reduce myself to zero. So long as a man does not of his own free will put himself last among his fellow-creatures, there is no salvation for him. *Ahimsā* is the farthest limit of humility.

"In bidding farewell to the reader, I ask him to join with me in prayer to the God of Truth that He may grant me the boon of *Ahimsa* in thought, word and deed."

VII

It is in this spirit of love and of sincerity that this great man at each crisis of his life has been led though with occasional blunders, "Himalayan blunders" he calls them, to choose the right course; has taken an untouchable family into his home, has welcomed periods of prison-life as opportunities for study and prayer. In the midst of colossal labours he sits calmly spinning and eagerly watching the growth of India in new manliness and gentleness. It may be well to close this account of the most important figure of our time with three scenes. The first is in South Africa. He has guided the passive resistance movement with such skill and such magnanimity, calling off his own strike when the government was embarrassed by a strike of white labourers, serving with an ambulance when it had the Zulu war upon its hands and infecting leaders like Smuts with his own courageous spirit. He had won the respect of men who had imposed the poll-tax and other indignities upon the whole Indian population of

the country. When he is called to give evidence by a commission, firmly but courteously he points out that they are all white men, and that Indians cannot be true to themselves in accepting the idea that they will always be in the dock, and the white man always on the bench.

The next scene is again in a law court; for this brilliant lawyer who made for himself a great reputation as a barrister and who heartily dislikes the law, has had to spend a great deal of time in such places. He has been arrested and is now to be sentenced for civil disobedience. The Judge who likes and respects him as a sincere and saintly figure asks him what defence he has to offer. Conducting his own case, he accepts full blame for what has been done. "I knew that I was playing with fire. I ran the risk, and if I was set free I would still do the same. . . . I wanted to avoid violence. Non-violence is the first principle of my faith. It is also the last article of my creed: but I had to make my choice. I had either to submit to a system which I considered had done irreparable harm to my country, or incur the risk of having my people burst forth when they understood the truth from my lips. I know that my people have sometimes gone mad, and I am deeply sorry for it. I am here to submit not to a light penalty but to the highest. I do not ask for mercy . . . the only course open to you as a judge is to resign your position, or to inflict upon me the severest penalty."

The third scene is in hospital. After a brief period of imprisonment, Gandhi was freed, for he had succumbed to an acute attack of appendicitis. Having

opposed Western surgery and medicine and denounced them as false and useless, he is human enough now to yield to the advice of the surgeon, Colonel Mallock, who knows that if the patient dies all India will say that he has killed him, and that if the patient survives he will return to his attack upon the British *Raj*. Gandhi sees his dilemma, signs a paper absolving him, and the operation begins. The electric light fails, and by a feeble substitute the operation is successfully carried out, and the patient is freed from prison to go back to his work of training the Indian soul for freedom, of putting the Indian house in order, of leading the Indian people out to take their place, surely a great one, among the peoples of the earth. In him, her age-long search for God finds new and wonderful expression, and her idealism proclaiming all down the ages that the spiritual realities are the true realities, and that hatred cannot be cast out except by love, comes to a practical application on an immense scale.

Never before in history have these principles of her ancient *rishis* been applied in the sphere of politics, or the Sermon on the Mount been made to work on an imperial scale. It is because the boy of ten, the young husband of fourteen, the young lawyer of twenty, the young champion of the poor of twenty-five, and the national leader in middle life has not flinched from his belief in God and man, that we have this magnificent demonstration of soul-force and of love. That he has his queer limitations and certain beliefs and customs which seem strange to us does not lessen his greatness. It is as a son of India that he has to work out his destiny, as Jesus had to work out His

as the Galilean; and it is only when religious idealism thrusts itself into the plane of history that it is of much value to us who have to live in time and space as citizens of our country, doing what we can within the limitations imposed upon us. If Gandhi had not been a Hindu he could not have felt so poignantly the abuses of the caste-system, nor of the subjection of his people to the intolerable insolence in South Africa. If he had not worked on the small stage of that very complex and difficult country, he could never have led his nation, and it is only by entering into her political life that he has been able to reveal to us and the rest of the world the tremendous issues that are involved in this question of race.

It is chastening to us who call ourselves by the great name of Christ that it is a Hindu who has revealed to us the inner meaning of our own faith. Those who are inclined to scoff at this simple weaver as an impractical idealist belong to the hard-headed people who crucified the Carpenter of Nazareth for His dreams, for His magnanimity, and for His bold proclamation that God is the Father of all men, and that Samaritans, publicans and harlots enter into the Kingdom of Heaven before the respectable and the self-righteous. Like Jesus, Gandhi is the champion of the poor and the unsophisticated, and while I think it is too early yet to make a full comparison as some are doing, between these two great figures, yet we can see even now that "Christ-like" is the expression that springs to our lips as we contemplate this meek yet terrible figure, broken with suffering, stripped of all possessions, great in the naked majesty of sincerity and

unfailing loving-kindness. If he is " Bapu " (Daddy) to the inner circle of his friends, he is to the rest of us and for all time " Mahatma "—Great Soul.

(*b*) HU SHIH

The Father of the Chinese Renaissance

" China can have neither a Gandhi nor a Kagawa," said several Chinese leaders to me lately. They meant, I think, that China has always avoided fanaticism and been amenable to reason, that she would listen more readily to an Erasmus than to a Luther, to a man of letters rather than a man of action, to a rationalist rather than to a mystic. Whether this means that her thinkers have misunderstood the other two great Asiatic leaders or whether it means that they do not know of the latent powers of self-sacrifice and of vision in their own people, history will show. In the meantime, it is true that the greatest modern leader in China is Hu Shih, man of letters and rationalist. Younger than Gandhi and Kagawa, and, like both of them, a man of both Western and Eastern training, he is as typical of China as they are of their own countries; and he is, like them, a very practical idealist, a very strenuous worker and a man of keen and penetrating vision who sees what China needs to-day, and who believes passionately that she must be free to make her own contribution to the life of the world.

He calls China to intellectual conversion, to

democratic government and to westernization of a much more radical kind than has yet been achieved by Japan; and, himself a Confucian scholar, seeks to throw off the dead hand of the past while conserving its real values. With a keen eye for such values in the West he bids his country see its spiritual meanings, and teaches that in place of the " opiate " of religion China needs the tonic of science. He maintains that science will more and more replace philosophy, of which China has had abundance. In his admirable little volume, *The Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China*,[1] he claims that his country has had many developments parallel with those of the West, but adds:

" I do not wish it to be understood that my advocacy for the revival of the philosophical schools of ancient China is prompted by a desire to claim for China the honour of priority in the discovery of those methods and theories which have hitherto been regarded as exclusively Occidental in origin. I am the last man to take pride in priority as such. Mere priority in invention or discovery without subsequent efforts to improve and perfect the original crudities can only be a matter for regret, certainly not for vainglory. When I look at a mariner's compass and think of the marvellous discoveries which the Europeans have made therewith, I cannot but feel a sense of shame to recall the superstitious uses which I myself have seen made of this great invention of ancient Chinese genius.

[1] *The Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China*, by Hu Shih, The Oriental Book Company, Shanghai, 1928.

"My interest in the rediscovery of the logical theories and methods of ancient China, as I have repeatedly said above, is primarily a pedagogical one. I have the strongest desire to make my own people see that these methods of the West are not totally alien to the Chinese mind, and that on the contrary, they are the instruments by means of which and in the light of which much of the lost treasures of Chinese philosophy can be recovered. More important still, I hope that by this comparative study the Chinese student of philosophy may be enabled to criticize these percursory theories and methods in the light of the more modern and more complete developments, and to understand wherefore the ancient Chinese antecedents have failed to achieve the great results which their modern counterparts have achieved; to see, for instance, wherefore the theories of natural and social evolution in ancient China have failed to accomplish the revolutionary effect which the Darwinian theory has produced on modern thought. Furthermore, I hope that such a comparative study may save China from many of the blunders attendant upon an uncritical importation of European philosophy—blunders such as wastefulness in teaching the old-fashioned text-books of formal logic in Chinese schools, or the acceptance of Herbert Spencer's political philosophy together with the Darwinian theory of evolution."

With equal discrimination and frankness he turns to the weaknesses at the root of Chinese troubles, and, like Gandhi and Kagawa, urges that his people criticize themselves first. "What is needed to-day . . . is a

deep conviction which should almost amount to a religious experience that we Chinese are backward in everything, and that every other modern nation is much better off. . . . Most of our homes are nests of crime, oppression, lynching and suicide. . . . We are only reaping the sins of our fathers and ourselves. When we have fully and whole-heartedly repented let us resolve, solemnly and religiously, that we must learn." It is not easy for the Western mind to understand what it costs a Chinese scholar to speak like this of the sins of his people, the people of that proud Middle Kingdom which has always said to the world, " We are teachers, not learners," and has despised the barbarians without, a nation which, more than any other nation, has worshipped the past and spoken of its forefathers as of divine beings. Here, then, is a very different figure from Gandhi, the Mahatma, whose quest for religious truth is the one master-passion of his life and who opposes most of our Western science and industry; and even from Kagawa, the Christian *Samurai* of Japan, whose first interest is also in the mystic quest and whose social programme comes from applying the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Yet Hu Shih also has a great respect for mysticism, a rather wistful respect, and while he seeks to rid China of the dead hand of the past, yet finds in teachers like Mo Ti and Lao-tze teachings which are akin to those of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, for he, too, is attracted by that wonderful prose-poem so full of practical idealism and of that spontaneity in which China finds a balance to the ceremonious and the

fussy. Like Gandhi and Kagawa he has put on record that this sermon deeply influenced him in early manhood, and as he is to-day turning to study the Buddhist mystics it is quite possible that this strenuous rationalist may be led, as may his teacher John Dewey, to a deeper understanding of intuition and of the authority of religious experience. He acknowledges, for instance, that Buddhism brought China a more optimistic outlook, and a new emphasis on personality, human and divine. It is in these respects that Christianity is to-day making its greatest contribution to China, and it may be that he will realize this.

In his practical campaign to replace the classical language of the *literati* by the vernacular or "clear language" of the common people, he acknowledges his debt to missionary pioneers. Like Wyclif in England, they have given the Bible to the people in their own tongue, and in doing this have made possible the great mass education movement of to-day with its two hundred thousand voluntary teachers, and its conviction that at last the people who have been so patient and so strenuous down the ages are to enter into their heritage. To this end Dr. Hu Shih (already credited with more than a million words of writing in poetry and prose) is translating twelve great Western histories. "For," says he, "China must understand the evolution of the modern West," and as his life and constant activity has in it much of self-sacrifice and of fearless devotion to truth, so his ringing challenge to his people has in it much of the prophetic.

Born in 1891, the son of an elderly official and of a country girl of eighteen, he is as frail as Gandhi or

Kagawa and works as ceaselessly, and, like them, he rejects the fatalistic and economic interpretation of history, admires the pacifism of Tolstoy and of Jesus, and believes in human freedom and goodness. Like them, he went early to the West and drank deep of its practical idealism, studying at Cornell and at Columbia. He was imbued with the tendency of America to apply truth to life, and though he revolted from religion through a personal experience of an unhappy kind, remained religious in a true sense of the word, believing that in human architecture is man's most fruitful service. His name, Hu Shih, which means " Whither," is a name assumed to express his search for truth and his function as the questioner of Chinese, as of other civilizations. The student is recommended to read his brilliant essay in the collection called *Whither Mankind?*, and in the Illustrative Readings he will find a few selections which will illuminate this very brief sketch. When I met him last Dr. Hu had just lectured three times in succession to Peking crowds on " What is Philosophy? "

(*c*) TOYOHIKO KAGAWA

I

It is significant that Japan's most popular writer—poet, novelist and essayist as well as religious teacher—is the champion of the poor, and that the House of Peers has listened to his plea and is rebuilding the slums of six great mushroom cities at a cost of nearly two

million sterling. He is a unique figure in Japanese history, and a study of his significance in her religious and social life is timely. In him for the first time she is faced with a religious movement of the masses at once mystical and very practical, simple yet with complex and far-reaching applications. Here is a Gorki in literature, a St. Francis in piety, a Tolstoy in loving sympathy with the poor. Just over forty, he is Japan's leading expert in social service and in many ways her closest student of the social sciences. In him religion appears for the first time in her history as something not to be "used" and controlled in the interests of the upper classes, but as a mighty wind bending her proudest heads and driving the ship of state before it.

The Japanese have developed nationalism more frankly perhaps than any other nation. They have made a religion of it, and have tested religions always by the contribution they have to make to the national life. In Japan alone have religious movements started with the rulers, large masses moving in order under the leadership of a few thoughtful men. This may be illustrated first by the history of Buddhism. It came to Japan as the religion of the civilized mainland, was accepted by that very great man, Prince Shōtoku, in the middle of the sixth century A.D., frankly because it would make Japan a member of the civilized group of nations, and was recommended by him to his people on this ground. With what amazing skill he adopted and adapted the Indian religion! And if the Japanese claim that they are a chosen people, and that great men have arisen at the turning-points in their history to guide and lead them, the claim is well

founded in this great man, as in Meiji Tenno in our own day.

The rulers led the way too when the Catholic Fathers, led by the sainted Xavier, came at the invitation of a young Japanese in the middle of the sixteenth century. Christianity came in humble guise; a few simple *Bateren* (or padres) preached in Buddhist temples the gospel of redeeming love, the gracious intercession of a Virgin who seemed strangely like their own Kwannon, and the potency of the sacraments. But the Japanese soon discovered that Xavier was a great one in his own country, and their leaders were the more favourably inclined to him, while he in turn was charmed by their courtesy and high civilization. "They charm my heart; they are more delicately minded than we," he wrote to Loyola. When the great Shoguns looked into the new religion they found that it was sufficiently like Amida Buddhism to be considered acceptable without too great a dislocation. One of the governors even signed a document, to which Xavier, too, put his name, signifying that they were preaching the "Great Way of Salvation" (*Daidoji*), which is the Japanese name for the Buddhism of salvation by faith, but which might equally be applied to Christianity. They favoured the new teaching still more when they heard it was the religion of the great Catholic kings of Spain and Portugal, and the transfer from Kwannon to Mary could be made the symbol of a change which marked their adoption of some of the ways of the Western emperors; just as their own Sun-Goddess Amaterasu had been at the earlier period identified with the Buddha Vairochana,

whose colossal image had been set up with so much ceremony and pomp by the Emperor Shomu in the great cathedral at Nara.

But just as the faces of the leaders were turned to the Church of Rome and some of them had themselves become devout Catholics after a visit to the Pope and an investigation of the civilizing power of this way of religion, there came to Japan Protestant captains, Dutch and English, who showed the Shoguns the other side of the medal. They told them of the ravages of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and of England's life-and-death struggle with the King of Spain; they described the terrors of the Inquisition; and hearing these things, Japan drew back. Were these missionaries cat's-paws of the imperialism of the West? Yes, said Will Adams and the Dutch skippers; in effect, they were forerunners of the traders and soldiers who were planning soon to invade the "Land of the Gods." Even so, certain Japanese leaders were ready to use their dangerous new teachers in order to play them off against the Buddhists, who were getting too powerful in the State. But other governors instituted terrible persecutions, and Christianity became taboo. One may still see the placards proclaiming that if any Christian, "whether it were the Lord God Himself or any of His followers," attempted to land on the shores of Japan, he would die the death! Yet the seeds of Christianity had been planted, and its essence lived on in secret, precariously, here and there. When the Protestant era dawned there were still to be found at Nagasaki and elsewhere many crosses upon which the faithful had been bidden to tread if they would escape

the death penalty, but which had been hidden away and worshipped in secret. These are now treasured in Japanese museums.

The second attempt at Christianization came during the Meiji era. Here again Japan was blessed with a very great ruler, one who knew how to choose his chief ministers and who exercised a wise moderation, withdrawing the edict of persecution and proclaiming tolerance to all religions. So Protestantism came, with the glamour of the West behind it, and once more it looked as if Japan might become Christian. But again her young men began to look closely into the meaning and the background of the new faith; they went abroad and saw the slums of great cities, and reported that Christianity was not working very well. The intolerant attitude of many missionaries towards the eagerly welcomed science of the West was another thing which gave them pause. And while a few missionaries were sufficiently advanced and well educated to help these eager young men in their scientific studies, it was soon all too evident that a conflict (one not, alas, yet finished) existed between a half-baked science on the one hand, claiming a materialistic philosophy, and an equally half-baked fundamentalism on the other, proclaiming impossible cosmogonies and opposing itself to the luminous findings of the evolutionists in the fields of geology, biology and history.

So once more the Japanese drew back, and that the Church has survived in Japan is due chiefly to the social application of Christianity. Certain remarkable social leaders like Niijima arose, who took matters into their own hands, and through their lives and labours

Christianity became indigenous. By the middle of the Meiji era it looked as if it had become one of the accepted religions, marked chiefly by its charitable work and its convenience as a link with Western nations. With the coming of a native prophet such as Toyohiko Kagawa, its influence has become potent. No longer the respectable preserve of the bourgeoisie, Christianity turned its attention to the great masses of the unenfranchised, discovered that the villages and factories and fishing fleets of Japan were neglected fields, and applied a social gospel of immense breadth and detailed scientific plan, springing from a mystic pietism of great intensity and depth. Defeated hitherto by the failures of Christians abroad, it may now succeed by the power of its own application to the actual problems of Japan.

II

Toyohiko Kagawa was born in the twentieth year of Meiji, that is, 1888. The son of a well-to-do family of *Samurai* descent, he was brought up by a wealthy uncle, who dedicated him to a diplomatic career and intended to make him his heir. At the age of nine he went to a Buddhist monastery to study the Confucian classics as most Japanese schoolboys study them. From this source he learned filial piety—which, alas, was impossible for him—and the importance of "right relations," of loyalty, of earnest application, of altruism. Very early too he absorbed an interest in the Buddhist teachings and services, with their sense of solemn awe and their dignified and noble ritual. It was only in

the middle school that he began to be influenced by Christianity. He joined a Bible class, as thousands of students are doing in Japan, in order to learn English. When one remembers the many devoted missionaries who have for sixty years done the teaching of English by this method to small groups, one can only say that their work is beyond praise, even if they have not always taught a very intelligent theory of inspiration or chosen the parts of the Bible that really matter.

At this time, when Kagawa was in his early teens, the family passed through a period of hard times, and the sensitive spirit of the boy was deeply shamed by the knowledge that it was his elder brother's immorality which had brought them to financial ruin. He sought eagerly for spiritual and moral power in his own life, and he was fortunate to meet at this time Dr. Myers, of Kobe, who took him into his own home. As in the case of Gandhi, so in that of Kagawa, it was the Sermon on the Mount which captured the poetic spirit of the youth. Nature, which among the Japanese is so often thought of as the realm of demons, the titanic forces of earthquake and fire, became transformed into a Kingdom of Heaven. He has written with poetry and grace of this wonderful sermon, teaching as it does the love of nature and breathing a sense of the divine care for the individual.

His own loving care at the hands of this missionary family, their practical expression of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, was the decisive factor in his conversion. "I passed from the dark gospel of Buddhism to the gospel of light," he says. Spending a year in a fishing village in quest of health, he was

able to think out the meanings of these teachings and of their application to life, and to realize something of the problems of the poor. Returning to Kobe, he began to frequent the worst slums in order to increase this understanding. He was horrified to discover that people were often sleeping as many as nine in a room six feet by six, and that in these mushroom cities, physical, moral and spiritual health was impossible. This discovery marks the end of the first important period of his life.

At the beginning of the twentieth century we find him, though still suffering from the tuberculosis which he had contracted in his earlier period of great poverty in the slums, living in a tiny house at Shinkawa, applying the teachings of the Good Samaritan and the principles of Jesus in identifying himself with the poorest. He saw children suffering from horrible diseases, eyes streaming with trachoma or blinded with syphilis. He saw aged people without shelter or bedding, and young girls exploited in factories, only to end in brothels. He determined to become an expert in the problems of the poor, to study the sources of this appalling congestion, and of unemployment and overwork in all its forms. After four and a half years of incessant work he went to the United States, and at Princeton, as in the seminary at Kobe, he left an impression as a brilliant student. At the end of this time he discovered that he was a Presbyterian minister, but determined not to let this interfere with his usefulness. He vowed, therefore, not to become a respectable pastor in some middle-class church, but to go back to his life of extreme

poverty in the slums. So for the next twenty years we see him growing in understanding and developing an amazing technique of service.

In 1910 he married a factory girl whose name, Haru, means "Spring." He saw that she respected the poor, and her earnestness as a voluntary helper in the church attracted him to her. All through their married life she has identified herself with his way of life, and her books as well as her leadership among women have made her well known in the new movement for women in Japan. At the period of Kagawa's birth, social conditions were such that forty per cent. of all marriages ended in divorce, there seemed no possibility of ending the Yoshiwara system of prostitution, and women had no voice in the affairs of the country. Now all this is changing; women like Haru Kagawa and Mrs. Kubushiro are formidable opponents of those who have grown rich by vice, and are among the several fearless leaders in the movement for the emancipation of women. Divorce has been largely done away with, and the Yoshiwara is doomed.

Sometime during this early slum period, Kagawa contracted trachoma of the eyes by sharing his bed with a poor old waif, and the disease has been a terrible burden. His eyes are often so inflamed that he can only read with a magnifying glass; but in spite of this, he is an assiduous reader, a close student of economic and religious thought, the author of some forty-five books and, all in all, the most popular writer in Japan. All his writings, whether novels or religious works, are characterized by realism and haunted with the burden of poverty. They have been described as

"Vignettes that defy description in their combination of fragility and forcefulness. A tragic episode, a casual character study, a page or two of reflections on the consequences of social inequality, a love affair, an old man's shame, the beauty of sunlight on a wretched roof. . . . The perception is of inner beauty." He has been likened to Russian writers such as Gorki, and in his two great novels, *Across the Deathline* and *A Shooter at the Sun*, he has told realistically the story of his slum life. The first of these he wrote when it seemed that he had just crossed the borderline of death, and a hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold in the first two or three months. As a picture of the struggles of youth it appealed to young Japan, and he has ever since been one of their heroes. He has also written books describing his experiences in prison and his thoughts during periods of blindness; and his religious books, which he insists upon selling at twopence halfpenny for over two hundred pages, are all best sellers. At the present time one called *New Life Through God*[1] is being sold in its second quarter of a million. A careful and artistic writer in spite of his rapid production, he writes out of the vivid and concrete experiences of life, and is a creative thinker challenging the materialism of the West, but finding in its great teachers like Tolstoy and Schweitzer messages which Japan can apply to her own complex problems. In the New Testament type of communism he finds the answer to Marxian socialism; and while he has in the past been put in prison as a Labour leader and organizer

[1] E.T. just published by the Student Christian Movement Press.

of trade unions, he is to-day befriended by the Government and, indeed, embarrassed by its patronage. It is largely due to him that the article forbidding trades unionism was annulled in 1925, and that the House of Peers appropriated a great sum for the rebuilding of the slum areas of six great Japanese cities.

When I first saw him, his meetings were being guarded by the police, and he was under careful supervision. Last year he told me that the officials were urging students to attend his meetings, and he added whimsically, "I don't want them to become Christians to order." The same delightful humour flashed out in his reply to the offer of the Government to make him head of their social service work. "I will be your servant if you will obey me." It is very remarkable to see this boyish and spiritual figure clad during summer months in the "Kagawa fuku," suits which cost about six shillings, and which he has popularized throughout Japan in his co-operative stores, and in winter in the black corduroy suit which he has worn for many years, and which is the badge of Christian socialism in Japan.

His economic activities are many. Finding an agricultural population which must pay from fifty-five to seventy per cent. of produce in rent, he organized the National Peasants' Union, and with Mr. Sugiyama, has done much to make life more tolerable for villagers as for town dwellers. He has fostered this wonderful movement, which has many thousand members, and is making a special study of unemployment and its causes. As to his political activities, he has helped in the campaigns of Labour members, in the organization

of a Labour party, and in a federation of Labour. He refuses to be a candidate for office, and will join no political party, but seeks to unite the more moderate elements of Labour into a movement of constructive and free criticism of the Conservatives.

Like Gandhi, Kagawa feels that religion cannot be kept out of politics or economics. "It is living life fully, it is living up to life, this is politics, economics and religion. Without God there is no life, for God is life eternal." He sees the immense bearing upon history of mystics like Fox, Wesley, Tolstoy and Xavier, and he believes that a pure religious fire in the hearts of the Japanese will solve many problems. At the same time he knows that it is necessary to get at the roots of the evils, and he is an avowed Christian socialist.

Like Gandhi, too, he is a pacifist, and interprets history as Gandhi does, as the downfall of materialistic empires and the victory of the meek. He has a natural affinity therefore with Quakers, and has made a special study of the French Huguenots. This has led him to his popular campaign for a million Christians in Japan. This number is chosen carefully and characteristically, because he believes that less than this cannot vitally influence the life of the Japanese Empire which he longs to see developed on pacific and non-imperialistic lines. While in Europe he studied not only the Huguenot movement but also the various Labour movements, and since then he has kept in very close touch with such leaders as M. Albert Thomas, head of the Labour Office of the League of Nations at Geneva.

III

Kagawa's religious work is unceasing. He is simplifying the Christian message just as Shōtoku simplified Buddhism and gave its essence to the Japanese. Kagawa is bent on finding out what are the "fundamentals," and his five-point programme deserves careful study. The first point is Piety in Christ. By this he means meditation upon the Christian revelation of God and communion with the personal Christ. However busy his day may be, he is up before dawn for meditation and prayer. The next point is Purity, by which he means making war upon vice, and he is a redoubtable leader in the movement to remove the shame of licensed prostitution. The third point is Peace, by which he means war upon war. He seeks to get at its causes in economic rivalry and race hatred and imperialism, as well as to lead the young people to resist military service and to show themselves constructive pacifists rather than jingoes. The fourth point is Labour. Like the British Labour party, he insists that labour of the head is as much labour as that of the hand. The fifth point, Service, is allied to this. He insists that men are Christians when they are working for Christianity, and by these five fundamentals he is uniting all Christians in Japan. Why not elsewhere? He has organized a group, the "Friends of Jesus," dedicated to the memory of Xavier, "Franciscan in poverty, Jesuit in loyalty, and Protestant in theology of piety." He accepts the taunt of Marx that religion is too often an opiate, and he urges all Christians not

only to keep awake, but to kindle new life in others. Like a flame, he goes from village to village and from city to city, often preaching eight times a day and commending love as the law of life.

"Love is my all in all. Ah, this famine of love! How it saddens my soul! In city and country, in hospital and factory, in shop and on street, everywhere this dreadful drought of love! Not a drop of love anywhere; the loveless land is more dreary than Sahara and more terrible than Gobi. When the last drop of love has dried away all men will go mad and begin to massacre all who have ever thought of love or appreciated it. Behold them armed with guns, swords, spears and even ancient maces, hating and suspecting one another!

"Japan is assailed by a whirlwind of fear, and its organization is shaken from the very foundation. I do not mean to say that Japan has no army or no government. What I mean is, there is no spirit here; the soul of Japan has been shaken, as was the land itself in the great earthquake. Japanese people are not trusting each other. They are tasting the sorrows of the conqueror; they have discovered that in the very heart of their capital city there is living a horde of traitors. Japanese people no longer believe in themselves. This saddens me. There was a time when we Japanese people thought that the nation was created by the sword; when we used to think that the sword was the soul of Japan—but that time is no more. Henceforth, in the spirit of Japan, love must be regnant.

"Love is the supreme sovereign. Love alone can subdue the world. All those men who dreamed

of world empire have failed; the first Emperor of China, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, the Kaiser Wilhelm—all have vanished like a dream. Conquest by the sword is but for the moment; it has no validity whatever.

"Love binds society together from within. It is both linch-pin and girdle; and Love can never be annihilated."

Never before has there been such a broad application of the gospel of Christ based upon so sweet and simple a devotion to his person. The love which Kagawa shows to the poor and simple he shows also to those in high places, like the profiteers who have grown rich at the expense of the poor, whom he must fight but will not hate, and the Buddhist leaders whom he urges to be worthy of their teachings of compassion and to work for the poor and needy. In one Buddhist temple where he had organized a Red Cross tent at the time of the earthquake, he cheerfully handed everything over to the Buddhist priest, and secured a grant from the Government to help him in his work. This spirit is changing the religious history of Japan, and because he is a thorough student of the old religious teachings he is able to preach Christ as the fulfilment of the long history of religion in his country. He has even considered producing the Fourth Gospel as a kind of *No* drama, and many similar schemes are developing in his fertile brain, such as new methods of religious education as well as social reconstructions. In a word, we may say he is the Tolstoy of Japan and its St. Francis. Great in his humility and very practical in his mysticism, here is an apostle for these complex and difficult times.



PART II



ILLUSTRATIVE READINGS

(*a*) FROM INDIA

(1) VARUNA

The tribes of men are wise by His great might
Who stayed asunder wide heaven and earth:
Who moved the high and mighty sky, and the ancient stars and spread out the earth:
With my own heart I commune, "How shall Varuna and I be at one?"
What gift will He accept unangered?
When may I confidently await His gracious favour?
Seeking to know my sin, I question the sages, O Varuna,
And all make answer, "Varuna verily is wroth."
What, O Varuna, is my great sin, that Thou slayest him Thy friend and psalmist?
Tell me, O Lord of Might who may not be deceived, and straightway will I put away my sin and give Thee homage.
Loose us from our fathers' sins and from our own.
Loose us, O King, as the thief looses cattle from the halter.
Not our will, but weakness of the flesh and thoughtlessness made us stray, O Varuna, wine, dice or anger seduced us!

The old are at hand to tempt our youth: slumber leadeth us to evil.
I thy servant would serve Thee, bounteous Lord:
Sinless would I serve Thee and propitiate Thy wrath.
Thou, gracious one, givest wisdom to the simple:
Thou, wise one, leadest the wise to riches.
O Lord Varuna, may my meed of praise come nigh Thee, and creep within Thy heart.
So may we prosper in work and rest.
Preserve and bless us evermore, ye gods.

Rig-Veda, VII, 86.

Here ancient India trembles on the brink of an ethical monotheism, yet in her love of Varuna does not forget the other gods. All her prayers to Varuna contain a cry for forgiveness. He is the embodiment of Law, physical and moral. But she never shook off unworthier concepts of God, and in the following passage we seem to be contemplating one of the great and tragic turning-points of her religious history.

I, Agni, graceless one, desert the Gracious.
I leave the Father, for my choice is Indra.

Rig-Veda, X, 124.

(2) Hymn of Creation

1

Non-being then existed not nor being;
There was no air, nor sky that is beyond it.
What was concealed? Wherein? In whose protection?
And was there deep unfathomable water?

2

Death then existed not nor life immortal;
Of neither night nor day was any token.
By its inherent force the One breathed windless;
No other thing than that beyond existed.

3

Darkness there was at first by darkness hidden;
Without distinctive marks, this all was water.
That which, becoming, by the void was covered,
That One by force of heat came into being.

4

Desire entered the One in the beginning:
It was the earliest seed, of thought the product.
The sages searching in their hearts with wisdom,
Found out the bond of being in non-being.

5

Their ray extended light across the darkness;
But was the One above or was it under?
Creative force was there, and fertile power:
Below was energy, above was impulse.

6

Who knows for certain? Who shall here declare it?
Whence was it born, and whence came this creation?
The gods were born after this world's creation:
Then who can know whence it has arisen?

7

None knoweth whence creation has arisen;
And whether he has or has not produced it:
He who surveys it in the highest heaven,
He only knows, or haply he may know not.

Rig-Veda, X, 129.

(3) Usas—The Dawn

4

She throws gay garments around her like a dancing girl;
E'en as a cow her udder, she displays her breast.
Creating light for all the world, Dawn has unbarred
The gates of darkness as when cows break from their stall.

5

Her radiant shimmer has appeared before us;
It spreads, and drives away the swarthy monster.
As one anoints the post at sacrifices
The daughter of the sky extends her lustre.

6

We have crossed to the farther shore of darkness;
Dawn shining forth, her robes of light is weaving.
She smiles for glory, radiant like a lover.
To show goodwill she, fair of face, has wakened.

7

The radiant leader of rich gifts, the daughter
Of Heaven by the Gotamas is lauded.
Mete out to us, O Dawn, largesse of offspring,
Brave men, conspicuous wealth in cows and horses.

8

May I attain that wealth renowned and ample,
With many heroes, troops of friends, and horses,
O Dawn, that shinest forth with wondrous glory,
Urged on by mighty strength, auspicious lady.

9

Looking on all created things, the goddess
Shines far and wide, facing the eye of Surya.
Awaking every living soul to motion,
She has roused the voice of every thinker.

10

Newborn again and yet again though ancient,
Herself adorning with the selfsame colour,
The goddess wears away the life of mortals,
Like stakes diminished by a skilful gambler.

11

The ends of heaven disclosing, she awakens;
To distance far she banishes her sister,
Diminishing the years of life, the maiden
Flushes afar with the light of her lover.

12

Gracious and bright, spreading her rays like cattle,
As a river its flood, afar she glimmers.
Infringing not the gods' unchanging statutes,
She flushes with the beams of Surya.

13

O Dawn, bring us that brilliant wealth,
O thou that bearest rich rewards,
Whereby both sons and grandsons we may well maintain.

14

Refulgent Dawn, to-day and here,
Thou art rich in kine and steeds,
Shine forth on us abundant wealth, goddess benign.

15

Yoke, Dawn, to-day thy ruddy steeds,
O thou that bearest rich rewards;
Then on thy car to all bring gifts of fortune.

Rig-Veda, I, 92.

(4) Agni, the Priest Among the Gods

(Agni, like Ignis, is Fire which carries man's offerings to the gods.)

O worthy of oblation, Lord of prospering powers, assume thy robes,
And offer this our sacrifice.

Sit, ever to be chosen as our Priest, most youthful, through our hymns,
O Agni, through our heavenly word.

For here a father for his son, kinsman for kinsman worshippeth,
And friend, choice-worthy, for his friend.

Here let the foe-destroyers sit, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman,
Like men, upon our sacred grass.

O ancient Herald, be thou glad in this our rite and fellowship;
Hearken thou well to these our songs.

Whate'er in this perpetual course we sacrifice to god and god,
That gift is offered up on thee.

May he be our dear household priest, pleasant and choice-worthy;
May we, with bright fires, be dear to him.

The gods, adored with brilliant fires, have granted precious wealth to us;
So, with bright fires, we pray to thee.

And, O Immortal, so may the eulogies of mortal men
Belong to us and thee alike.

With all thy fires, O Agni, delight in this our sacrifice,
And this our speech, O son of strength.

Rig-Veda, I, 26.

(5) Brahman—The One Reality

All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on the visible world as beginning, ending and breathing in it (the Brahman).

Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief.

The intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised,

He is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard-seed, smaller than a canary-seed or the kernel of a canary-seed. He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks and who is never surprised, he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. When I shall have departed from hence, I shall obtain him (that Self). He who has this faith has no doubt; thus said Sandilya, yea, thus he said.

Chāndogya Upanishad, III, 14.

(6) How God is Apprehended

As oil in sesame seeds, as butter in cream,
As water in river-beds, and as fire in the fire-sticks,
So is the Atman apprehended in one's own soul,
If one looks for Him with true austerity.

Śvetāśvatara Upanishad.

(7) The Nature of Reality

"Place this salt in the water. In the morning come to me."

And he did so.

Then he said to him: "That salt you put in the water last evening—bring it hither."

Then he felt for it, but did not find it; for it was all dissolved.

"Please take a sip of it from this end," said he. "How is it?"

"Salt."

"Take a sip from the middle," said he. "How is it?"

"Salt."

"Take a sip from that end," said he. "How is it?"

"Salt."

"Put it aside, and come to me."

He did so, saying, "It is always the same."

Then he said to him: "Verily, my dear, you do not perceive Being here. Verily, it *is* here.

"That which is the finest essence—the whole world has that as its Soul. That is Reality."

Chāndogya Upanishad, VI, 173.[1]

(8) From Early Buddhist Texts

(*a*) *The Birth of Sākyamuni*

It was the time of the Summer Festival in the town of Kapilavastu; and there was great rejoicing. For a

[1] R. E. Hume, *The Thirteen Principal Upanishads*, p. 248. This is a conversation between a father and his son.

week before full moon Queen Maya herself had joined in the merry-making, and the city was at once sober and gay with garlands and perfumes. On the seventh day she rose early and bathed in scented water; and then went about giving as alms four hundred thousand pieces. Then, royally clad, she ate of the purest food, and observing the rules of the feast, entered her fair chamber, and lay on her couch and fell asleep. And this was her dream. Behold the gods of the Four Quarters, lifting her and her couch, bore her to the Himalayas, and setting her beneath the great Sandal Tree . . . seven leagues in height, which stands on the crimson plain which is sixty yojanas broad, they stood respectfully aside. Then came their Queens, and taking her to the sacred Lake Anotatta, cleansed her from human stains, and dressed her in divine robes, anointing her with perfumes, and decking her with heavenly flowers. Nearby is the Silver Hill and upon it a Golden Palace. Here they spread a couch, and laid the Queen upon it, facing east. Then the Bodhisat, who had appeared as an elephant, white and wonderful, came down from the Golden Hill and climbing the Silver Hill drew near from the north. And holding in his fair trunk a white lotus, trumpeted aloud and entered the palace, and bowing thrice seemed to enter her womb from the right side, very gently.

Thus was the Buddha-to-be conceived at the end of the Midsummer Festival. And next day, on awaking from sleep, the Queen told her dream to the King: "*Behold an elephant, white as snow and silver, having six tusks, fair of foot and with a noble trunk and ruddy*

countenance, came into my womb. Fairest of elephants he, gracious in gait and strong as adamant. Never have I seen such joy, nor heard nor tasted; so was I lost in thought, and in well-being of body and spirit."

The King had sixty-four noted Brahmins called, and preparing rich seats duly set out on a site adorned with green leaves and flowers, and vessels of gold and silver filled with rich sweet rice-milk, he gave to them. And he made them glad with gifts of clothing and tawny cows. Then having supplied their needs, he told them the dream, and asked its meaning. And they made answer: "Be not anxious, O King, the Queen has conceived, and she shall bear a son. He, if he choose the lay life, will be cakkravarti Emperor; but if he follow the life of religion, he will become a Buddha, and tear from men's eyes the veils of sin and ignorance."

Then Queen Maya, when she had cherished the Bodhisat for ten months in her womb, like precious oil in a flask, knew that her hour was at hand; and wishing to go to her father's home she spake to the King, saying: "I would go to the city of my own folk. Behold the sandal trees are full of bloom . . . the cries of kokila and peacock resound. . . . Flowers many and bright are shedding their pollen." The King consented and had the road from Kapilavastu to Devadaha made smooth and gay with pandals of plantain leaves and with flags and banners; and they set out vessels of water; and placing the Queen in a palanquin of gold borne by a great company, he let her go.

Now there is between the two towns a pleasaunce of sandal trees, which belongs to both peoples, and is called the Lumbini Grove. At that season the trees were ablaze with fruits and flowers, and bees of many hues swarmed there, and flocks of birds flitted with sweet warblings. The whole grove, a tangle of many creepers, was like the gay banqueting-hall of a great king. And the Queen, beholding it, longed to refresh herself in the grove; and her bearers carried her hither. When she came to the great sandal tree "Monarch of the Glade," she sought to grasp a branch, and it bent down like a wilting reed, and came within her reach. And she, stretching out her hand, grasped it, and standing thus was delivered of a child. Straightway four Brahma gods came with a golden net, and taking the Bodhisat in it they laid him before his mother, saying: "Rejoice, Lady, a mighty one is born to thee." . . . From the hands of the Brahma gods the Four Guardian Kings received him on soft antelope skins such as are used on days of state. And from them men received him upon a fine cloth. And he stood up and looked to the east, and thousands of worlds appeared to him like an open space; and men and gods offered him fragrant garlands crying: "Oh, peerless One, who can rival thee?" And he, looking in the ten directions and finding no peer, took seven strides . . . and as he walked Maha-Brahma himself held over him the white umbrella, and all other gods followed with the fan and other emblems of sovranty. Then after his seventh step he uttered a shout of victory in a noble voice: "I am the chief of the world. I am the sure Guide; the conqueror of old age and

death, the chief of physicians: no more will I be born." . . . And at this moment of the birth of Bodhisat in the Lumbini Grove, Yasodhara (who was to be his bride), Channa, his future charioteer, Kaludayi, his future minister, Kanthaka, his horse, the Bo-tree and the other treasures—seven marks of a cakkravarti—came with him into being. The peoples of the two capitals took Bodhisat and went with him to Kapilavastu. . . . And the Thirty-three Gods rejoiced in their heaven, crying: "To Suddhodana a son is born in Kapilavastu: under the Bo-tree he will come to Buddhahood."

Now, at that time the ascetic Kala Devala was adviser to King Suddhodana. An adept in mystic practices, he had gone to the Heaven of the Thirty-three Gods for his noontide rest; and while seated there he saw the gods rejoicing, and asked them: "Why so glad and jubilant?" "Sir," they replied, "to King Suddhodana is born a son, who, sitting under the Bo-tree, will become a Buddha, and will set the wheel of the law a-rolling. To us it is given to see his infinite compassion, and to hear his words. Therefore are we glad." Then the ascetic came quickly down from heaven, and entering the palace sat on the seat prepared for him, and said: "They tell me, sire, that a son is born to thee. Let me see him, I pray." The King had his son clad royally and brought in to salute him. But the Bodhisat turned his feet and planted them on the matted hair of the ascetic, for at that time there was no one worthy of the Bodhisat's salute; and if they in their ignorance had laid his head at the ascetic's feet his head would surely have split!

Then the ascetic rose from his seat, saying: "Let me not work my own undoing," and did homage to the Bodhisat. And the King, seeing this marvel, also did homage to his son. Then the ascetic, who had the power of seeing the past and the future, pondering the marks on the Bodhisat's body, considered, "Will he become a Buddha?" And seeing that he would, he smiled, saying: "This is a wondrous Being," and then reflecting that he would not see him as a Buddha he cried: "Great, alas! great is my loss! It is not for me to see this wondrous Being as a Buddha. I shall die and be reborn in the world of the formless; a thousand Buddhas may appear on earth and I shall not see nor hear them."

So he wept: and the people seeing it asked, saying: "Our master, who was smiling but now, weeps! Is it some mishap that is to befall our Lord's son?"

"There is no mishap in him," answered the ascetic. "Nay, rather he will become a Buddha."

"Why then weepest thou?"

"It will not be mine to see this great One as a Buddha. Great is my loss. That is why I weep and lament. *Forsaking his kingdom, leaving worldly joys, he will attain the Highest Truth. By his zeal will he shine as a sun of knowledge to destroy the night of illusion. By the boat of knowledge will he rescue the miserable from the waves of that ocean, whose waves are old age, and their foam sickness rushing on to death. To the thirsty he will give the waters of the Law, deep-flowing streams of wisdom; their banks are right conduct; and they are cooled by contemplation.*

In them abound the vows of religion, like a flock of geese in a lake."

The main narrative is from the *Nidāna Katha* or "Introduction to the Jatakas." The first passage in italics is from the *Lalita Vistara* (VI), and the second from the *Buddha-carita* (I, 74-8).

(*b*) *The Four Visions*[1]

Now, as the young Prince was driving in the park, he saw an old man bent as a gable, tottering upon his staff, his strength almost spent. "That man, driver, what has he done," he cried, "that his hair and his limbs are changed from the likeness of men? What is this?"

"This, lord, is old age."

"But why is he called old?"

"Because he has not long to live, he is called old."

"Nay, but I, shall I too grow old?"

"Thou, like all of us, my Prince, art subject to old age."

"No more of the park, driver! Turn me the chariot! Back to the palace!"

So the driver turned back, and the Prince, entering the women's apartments, sat brooding and sad, ponder-

[1] Of the several versions of this story the earliest seems to be that in the *Digha Nikaya* (II, 22), which was told by Sākyamuni to his disciples when they were discussing the question of rebirth. Though he told it of Prince Vipassi, a Bodhisattva, it was taken as an account of his own experience, and so incorporated into the Buddha legend. Our version is composite; two incidents from *Lalita Vistara* XIV, and one from *Digha Nikaya* II.

ing to himself. "Shame on this thing called Birth which leads on to age, that evil state."

Then the King sent for the charioteer, and asked: "Well, was the Prince pleased with the park? Did he delight in it?"

"Nay, Sire, the Prince took no pleasure in it."

"What did he see to distress him?" asked the King, and hearing the story thought: "The gods forbid that he should refuse the kingship. He must not go out into the life of the ascetic. He must confound the prophecy of the Brahmins," and he increased the pleasures of sense.

Again, the Bodhisat, as he was going one day to his pleasure-park, saw a sick man whom the gods caused to appear before him. And having questioned the driver he turned back, sick at heart, to his palace. And entering the women's quarters he sat brooding: "Shame on this thing called Birth, for disease and decay attend it."

And on another day, driving out by the West Gate to the park with great pomp, he saw a dead man laid on a bier and covered with a shroud. About him stood his kinsfolk, weeping and groaning and tearing their hair. "Who is this upon the bier? and who are these who tear their hair and throw dust upon their heads, and stand about him, beating their breasts and wailing?"

"He is a dead man, lord. No more will he see father and mother, wife and child. He has left all —goods, home, family and friends. He has left this world, and will see his own no more."

"A curse on Youth, which old age menaces. A

curse on health which sickness destroys. Yea, accursed is the life of man, for it endureth not. Cursed are the lures of pleasure which seduce the heart even of the Sage."

And again the Bodhisat as he was driving to the park met a mendicant clad in a saffron robe. "Who, charioteer, is this, so calm of spirit? With eyes downcast he passes by, looking but a pace before him, clad in his tawny robe. How calm he is. He carries a begging bowl in his humility. Who is this?"

"He, lord, is a mendicant, a holy one. Leaving the joys of sense, he leads a life of discipline. A wanderer, he seeks the peace within. Untroubled by love or by hate, he goes on his begging round."

"Good! I envy him. The religious life has ever been praised by the wise. Oh, happy life! Ambrosia sweet, bearing much fruit for others, and for oneself!"

Then the King had barriers built to guard the Prince, and ditches dug, and strong gates set up. He bade the guards keep vigilant watch and look to their armour; and set great companies of soldiers in the squares, and at the four gates of the city, saying: "Guard the Prince day and night: let him not leave the palace!" To the women also he gave orders, saying: "Cease not a moment from music and song. Let pleasures and games go on unbroken. Use all your seductive arts to enthral the Prince. Lure him away from the ascetic life!"

(*c*) *The Temptation*

So Bodhisat, turning his back upon the trunk of the Bo-tree, and with face towards the east, made the firm resolve: "Now may skin and sinews and bones wilt away, may flesh and blood dry up, but till I attain Enlightenment this seat I shall not leave!" And he sat himself down cross-legged, firm and immovable, as if welded with a hundred bolts.

Now at that time Mara thought: "So long have I dogged this man, and find no fault in him; and now, indeed, he is beyond my reach." And overcome with sorrow he sat down on the highway. . . .

At that time Craving, Discontent and Lust, the three daughters of Mara, could not find their father, and were looking for him. And when they saw him, sad at heart, writing on the ground, they went up to him, and asked: "Why, dear, are you sad and sorrowful?"

And he answered: "My daughters, this great recluse is escaping me. Long have I watched to find some fault in him. In vain! Therefore it is that I am sad and sorrowful."

"Think not so," said they. "We will entice him, and come back bringing him captive."

"Nay," said he, "ye cannot at all entice him; this man stands firm in faith, unwavering."

"Dear one, we are women," was the reply; "even now we shall bring him bound by the sweetness of lust. Doubt it not!"

So they approached the Blessed One, and said: "O recluse, upon thee we humbly wait!"

But the Blessed One neither heard their words nor raised his eyes. He sat, with a mind freed from the bonds of Samsāra, enjoying the bliss of detachment.

Then the daughters of Mara considered with themselves: "Various are men's tastes. Some fall in love with girls, some with young women, some with women who are ripe or even old. We will tempt him in various forms." So each of them assumed the appearance of a hundred girls, of women who had never given birth, or only once, or twice, of older women —and six times they came to the Blessed One, and offered themselves as his handmaidens; and to this also the Blessed One paid no heed; so he was set free by the destruction of the seeds of Samsāra.

Now, some say that when the Blessed One saw them approaching in the form of elderly women, he commanded, saying: "Let these women remain just as they are, with broken teeth and bald heads." This should not be believed, for the Master issues no such commands!

But the Blessed One said: "Depart ye! What have ye seen that ye thus strive? Such things might be done in the presence of men who loiter in the paths of sin. But by the Blessed One is lust put away, and

ill-will, and delusion." And he admonished them in these verses from the *Dhammapada* or Verses of the Law:

Whose victory is not o'erthrown,
Whose victory nought on earth assaileth,
Pathless, by what path will ye lead him
Whose wisdom far and wide prevaileth?

In whom there is no snare of evil
Whom craving thirst no longer leadeth,
Pathless, by what path will ye lure him
Whose wisdom infinite prevaileth?

And the daughters of Mara said: "Our Father was right: the Holy One who seeks the world's welfare is not lightly seduced." And they returned to their father.

At that time the King of the Serpents came to the Blessed One as he was resting beneath the Muchalinda tree, and a storm had arisen. And he shielded him with his seven hoods, so that the Blessed One rested unharmed as it had been in a scented chamber. . . . And two merchants named Tapussa and Bhallika were travelling from East to Central India, with five hundred carts. And a god who was related to them by blood stopped their caravan, and urged them to offer him food. So taking cakes of rice and of honey they came to the Blessed One and said: "Accept, we pray Thee, this food for our sakes." And the Four Heavenly Guardians brought sapphire bowls, and bowls of jade: and the Blessed One for their sakes accepted them, and placing them one on top of another made one bowl, in which he received the food. And he ate it and gave thanks. And they took refuge in the Buddha, the Doctrine and the Order.

Then they besought him saying: "Lord give us something to worship." And with his right hand he pulled hairs from his head and gave them as relics. And when they had returned to their own city they built a Dagaba over them.

This simple story is often illustrated in Buddhist art and has proved naturally attractive to its lay followers. Orissa, the country of the two merchants, Ceylon, and Burma have all claimed to possess these venerable relics of the Buddha. It is they which are said to be enshrined in the great Shwe Dagon in Rangoon.

(*d*) *The Calling of the First Monks*

Now at that time the friar Sanjaya was at Rajagaha with a great following of friars, two hundred and fifty; and Sariputta and Moggallana were with Sanjaya. And they agreed together that the one who should first reach the Undying was to tell the other.

Then the venerable Assaji, putting on his robe and taking his bowl, entered Rajagaha begging . . . his eyes cast down and perfect in his mien; and Sariputta, the friar, saw the venerable Assaji thus going his rounds. . . . And he thought, "Here is surely one who is either already a saint or has entered the path of sainthood. Shall I ask him who is his teacher, and what doctrine he follows?" But thinking, "This is not the time, while he is in the city and going his rounds; let me follow, as is fitting in one who has a request to make."

Then the venerable Assaji, having finished his rounds and obtained alms, left the city. And the friar Sariputta came to him and greeted him with the greetings of courtesy and friendship, and stood respectfully beside him. "Calm, brother, are all your sense organs; clear and radiant is your skin. Under whom, brother, did you leave the world? Who is your teacher? Whose doctrine do you follow?"

"There is, brother, a great monk of the clan of the Sakyas. This is the Blessed One under whom I left the world; he is my teacher, his the doctrine."

"But what, reverend sir, is the doctrine of your teacher?"

"Brother, I am but a novice; it is but lately that I left the world to follow this teaching. I cannot expound it at length, but this is the substance of it." So the reverend Assaji recited to the friar Sariputta this statement of the teaching:

> Of all things springing from a Cause,
> The Causes hath the Buddha shown:
> And how all caused things shall cease,
> 'Tis this the Mighty Monk makes known.

Then there arose in the mind of the friar Sariputta a clear understanding of the teaching that what begins must also end. "If this is the teaching," he said, "then truly hast thou reached the Sorrowless State so long forgotten and neglected." And he drew near to Moggallana: and he, seeing him approaching, spoke, saying: "Calm, brother, are all thine organs, clear and bright thy skin. Hast thou attained to the Undying?"

"Yea, brother, I have attained." And he told him what had happened. . . .

Now hearing this teaching there came to Moggallana a clear understanding that what is subject to birth is subject also to death. "If this be the teaching," said he, "then truly hast thou reached the Sorrowless State long forgotten and neglected."

From the *Maha Vagga*, I, 23.

(9) The True Yogi

A Yogi should constantly train himself, staying in a secret place, alone, controlling his mind, free from hope and possessions.

In a pure place, setting up for himself a firm seat, not too high, not too low, with cloth, antelope skin, and kusa grass upon it.

There, bringing his mind to one point, restraining the action of the mind and senses, and sitting on the seat, he should practise Yoga for the purifying of the self.

Holding his body, head, and neck evenly, firm without motion, looking at the point of his nose, and not looking round about him,

With his self at peace, freed from fear, abiding in the vow of celibacy, restraining his mind, trained with his thought on me, let him sit intent on me.

Thus ever training his self, the Yogi with mind restrained attains to peace, to the highest Nirvāna, which exists in me.

Yoga is not for one who eats too much, nor for one who fasts excessively, nor for one of very sleepy habit, nor for the sleepless, O Arjuna.

For him who is trained in food and recreation, whose activities are trained in performing actions, who is trained in sleeping and in waking, Yoga becomes a destroyer of pain.

When his mind is restrained and fixed on the self, without longing for any desires, then he is called trained.

As a lamp in a windless place flickers not, so is this deemed to be a likeness of the Yogi of restrained mind, who practises Yoga of the self.

From *The Song of the Lord*, trans. by Dr. E. J. Thomas, *Wisdom of the East* (*Bhagavad-gītā*, VI, 10-20).

(10) Krishna Speaks

They who are vowed to the gods go to the gods, those vowed to the fathers to the fathers; they who sacrifice to nature-spirits to the nature-spirits, but worshippers of me go to me.

If one with devotion offers me a leaf, a flower, a fruit, or water, that offering made with devotion I accept from the striving soul.

Whatever thou doest, or eatest, or sacrificest, or givest, whatever thy austerity, O son of Kunti, do that as dedicated to me.

Thus from the fruits of good and evil shalt thou be

released, from the bonds of action; with thy self trained by the Yoga of renunciation thou shalt be freed and come to me.

I am of even mind towards all beings; none is hateful to me nor dear; but they who worship me with devotion are in me and I in them.

Even if he is a very evil liver, but worships me with single devotion, he must be held good, for he has rightly resolved.

Quickly he becomes of righteous soul, and goes to eternal peace. O son of Kunti, understand this: no one devoted to me is destroyed.

For those who resort to me, O son of Pritha, though of base birth—women, vaisyas and sudras, they too go the highest way.

How much more pious Brahmins and devoted royal sages; thou hast been born in this impermanent, joyless world, yet worship me.

Set thy mind on me, be devoted to me, sacrifice to me, reverence me; to me shalt thou come, if thou trainest thyself, and holdest me as the goal.

Ibid. *Gītā*, IX, 25-35.

(11) The City of Ujjain (Kālidasa)

Swerve from thy northern path; for westward rise
The palace balconies thou mayst not slight
In fair Ujjain; and if bewitching eyes
That flutter at thy gleams, should not delight
Thine amorous bosom, useless were thy gift of sight.

The neighbouring mountain-stream that gliding grants
A glimpse of charms in whirling eddies pursed,
While noisy swans accompany her dance
Like a tinkling zone, will slake thy loving thirst—
A woman always tells her love in gestures first.

Thou only, happy lover! canst repair
The desolation that thine absence made:
Her shrinking current seems the careless hair
That brides deserted wear in single braid,
And dead leaves falling give her face a paler shade.

Oh, fine Ujjain! Gem to Avanti given,
Where village ancients tell their tales of mirth
And old romance! Oh, radiant bit of heaven,
Home of a blest celestial band whose worth
Sufficed, though fallen from heaven, to bring down heaven on earth!

Where the river-breeze at dawn, with fragrant gain
From friendly lotus-blossoms, lengthens out
The clear, sweet passion-warbling of the crane,
To cure the women's languishing, and flout
With a lover's coaxing all their hesitating doubt.

Enriched with odours through the windows drifting
From perfumed hair, and greeted as a friend
By peacock pets their wings in dances lifting,
On flower-sweet balconies thy labour end,
Where prints of dear pink feet an added glory lend.

Black as the neck of Shiva, very God,
Dear therefore to his hosts, thou mayest go
To his dread shrine, round which the gardens nod
When breezes rich with lotus-pollen blow,
And ointments that the gaily bathing maidens know.

Reaching that temple at another time,
Wait till the sun is lost to human eyes;
For if thou mayest play the part sublime
Of Shiva's drum at evening sacrifice,
Then hast thou in thy thunders grave a priceless prize.

The women there, whose girdles long have tinkled
In answer to the dance, whose hands yet seize
And wave their fans with lustrous gems besprinkled,
Will feel thine early drops that soothe and please,
And recompense thee from black eyes like clustering bees.

Clothing thyself in twilight's rose-red glory,
Embrace the dancing Shiva's tree-like arm;
He will prefer thee to his mantle gory
And spare his grateful goddess-bride's alarm,
Whose eager gaze will manifest no fear of harm.

Where women steal to rendezvous by night
Through darkness that a needle might divide,
Show them the road with lightning-flashes bright
As golden streaks upon the touchstone's side—
But rain and thunder not, lest they be terrified.

On some rich balcony where sleep the doves,
Through the dark night with thy beloved stay,
The lightning weary with the sport she loves;
But with the sunrise journey on thy way—
For they that labour for a friend do not delay.

The gallant dries his mistress' tears that stream
When he returns at dawn to her embrace—
Prevent thou not the sun's bright-fingered beam
That wipes the tear-dew from the lotus' face;
His anger else were great, and great were thy disgrace.

From Kālidasa's *Cloud Messenger*, XXVII-XXIX, trans. by A. Ryder in *Śakuntala*; Dent's Everyman's Series, pp. 190-2.

(12) Mediæval Devotion

A Day of Gladness

I would caress this day! It is dearer to me than all others; for my Beloved is a guest in my house to-day.

My chamber is radiant with His Presence; my courtyard is blessed.

Lost in admiring His great Beauty, my longings sing His name and are glad.

I wash His feet with my tears; I gaze into His face; I offer my body and soul, and all I have, to my Lord.

My Beloved, my Treasure, has honoured my house. What a day of joy is this!

At the sight of my Lord all evils flee from me, and my heart feels the buoyancy of delight.

Yea, to-day my Beloved is a Guest in my house: and this day is dear to me above all others.

Kābir—trans. by Cyril Modak.

(13) Proverbial Wisdom of India

A Son

Food for man's life and clothes for his protection,
Gold for adornment, marriage for enrichment,
A wife for distraction, a daughter for affliction,
A Son alone is as the Sun in its perfection.

The Sage Narada to King Harischandra,
c. ninth century B.C.

When Silence is Golden

(Needlebeak, an interfering Bird, is admonished by a Monkey.)

If you are wise and court success,
On busier men yourself don't press,
Nor speak to gamblers who have lost
Or hunters who have missed the scent—
Or you will soon be sorrow-tossed!

(The Bird refuses this advice and the Monkey wrings its neck—their leader continuing:)

Wood that is stiff cannot be bent
Nor is hard stone by razor drossed,
So seek not, friends, a fool to teach,
Silence is wiser than the wisest speech.

Panchatantra—written in prose with verse summaries for the instruction of princes about the first century A.D.

A Good Friend

Who is not made a nobler man
By friendship with a noble friend?
The dew-drop on the lotus leaf
May e'en the pearl itself transcend.

Ibid.

(14) Mahatma Gandhi's Religion

I

I believe the Bible, the Quran, and the Zend Avesta to be as much divinely inspired as the Vedas. I have endeavoured to study the Bible, and consider it to be a part of my Scriptures. The spirit of the Sermon on the Mount competes almost on equal terms with the Bhagavad-gītā for the domination of my heart. I yield to no Christian in the strength of devotion with which I sing " Lead, Kindly Light " and several other inspired hymns of a similar nature.[1] I have come under the influence of noted Christian missionaries belonging to different denominations, and I enjoy to this day the privilege of friendship with some of them. . . . Not as a biassed Hindu, but as a humble and impartial student of religion with great leanings towards Christianity. . . . I made, too, an intensive study of Tolstoy's books. *The Gospels in Brief*, *What to Do?* and other books made a deep impression on me. I began to realize more and more the infinite possibilities of universal love. . . . Tolstoy's *The*

[1] E.g., " When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

Kingdom of God is Within You overwhelmed me. . . . Next to the late Rajachandra, Tolstoy is one of the three moderns who have exerted the deepest spiritual influence on my life, the third being Ruskin.

It was forty years back when I was passing through a severe crisis of scepticism and doubt that I came across his book *The Kingdom of God is Within You,* and was very deeply impressed by it. I was at that time a believer in violence. Its reading cured me of my scepticism and made me a firm believer in *Ahimsā*. . . . The book was impossible to lay aside once I had begun it. It gripped me. Johannesburg to Durban was a twenty-four hours' journey. The train reached there in the evening. I could not get any sleep that night. I determined to change my life in accordance with the ideals of the book.

II

For many years I have regarded Jesus of Nazareth as one among the mighty teachers that the world has had, and I say this in all humility. I claim humility for this expression because this is exactly what I feel. Of course, Christians claim a higher place for Jesus of Nazareth than I, as a non-Christian and a Hindu, am able to feel. . . . I can say that Jesus occupies in my heart the place of one of the great teachers who have made a considerable influence on my life. I say to the seventy-five per cent. of Hindus receiving instruction in this college that your lives also will be incomplete unless you reverently study the teaching of Jesus. . . . If, then, I had to face only the Sermon on the Mount

and my own interpretation of it, I should not hesitate to say: "Oh, yes, I am a Christian." But I know that at the present moment if I said any such thing I would lay myself open to the gravest misinterpretation. . . . Because of its Western external appearance we in India have come to distrust the Christian missionary endeavour that has reached us from the West. . . . Do not confuse Jesus' teaching with what passes as modern civilization. . . . By all means drink deep of the fountains that are given to you in the Sermon on the Mount; but then you will have to take up sackcloth and ashes also with regard to failure to perform that which is taught in Christ's Sermon.

III

It was the New Testament which really awakened me to the rightness and value of Passive Resistance. When I read in the Sermon on the Mount such passages as "Resist not him that is evil; but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," and "Love your enemies; pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven," I was simply overjoyed, and found my own opinion confirmed where I least expected it. The Bhagavad-gītā deepened the impression, and Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God is Within You* gave it permanent form. . . . Jesus Christ, Daniel and Socrates represented the purest form of Passive Resistance, or Soul-Force. All these teachers counted their bodies as nothing in comparison with their souls. Tolstoy was the best and brightest

modern exponent of the doctrine. He not only expounded it, but lived according to it.

IV

On the Gītā

The Sermon on the Mount competes almost on equal terms with the Gītā. . . . But when I have been lonely or discouraged it is to the Gītā that I turn for courage and hope, and it has never failed me. . . .

My youthful mind tried to unite the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount with those of the Gītā and *The Light of Asia*. That renunciation is the highest expression of religion, made a tremendous appeal to me. . . .

V

The Casting Out of Fear

Fearlessness connotes freedom from all external fear fear of disease, bodily injury and death, of dispossession, of losing one's nearest and dearest, of losing reputation or giving offence, and so on. One who overcomes the fear of death does not surmount all other fears, as is commonly but erroneously supposed.

Some of us do not fear death, but flee from the minor ills of life. Some are ready to die themselves, but cannot bear their loved ones to be taken away from them. Some misers will put up with all this, will part even with their lives, but not with their property; others will do any number of black deeds in order to

uphold their supposed prestige. Some will swerve from the straight and narrow path, which lies clear before them, simply because they are afraid of incurring the world's odium.

The seeker after Truth must conquer all these fears. He should be ready to sacrifice his all in the quest of Truth even as Harischandra did. The story of Harischandra may be only a parable; but every seeker will bear witness to its truth for his personal experience, and therefore that story is infinitely more precious than any historical fact whatever, and we would do well to ponder over its moral.

Perfect fearlessness can be attained only by him who has realized the Supreme, as it implies the height of freedom from delusions. But one can always progress towards this goal by determined and constant endeavour and by increasing confidence in oneself. As I have stated at the very outset, we must give up external fears.

As for the internal foes, we must ever walk in their fear. We are rightly afraid of animal passion, anger, and the like. External fears cease of their own accord, when once we have conquered these traitors within the camp. All fears revolve round the body as the centre, and would therefore disappear as soon as one got rid of the attachment of the body.

We thus find that all fear is the baseless fabric of our own vision. Fear has no place in our hearts when we have shaken off the attachment for wealth, for family, and for the body. Wealth, the family, and the body will be there, just the same; we have only to change our attitude to them. All these are not ours

but God's. Nothing whatever in this world is ours. Even we ourselves are His. Why, then, should we entertain any fears?

(*b*) FROM CHINA

(1) From the Book of Poetry[1]

How free are the wild geese on their wings,
And they find rest on the bushy yu trees!
But we, ceaseless toilers in the king's service,
Cannot even plant our millet and rice.
What will our parents have to rely on?
O thou distant and azure Heaven!
When shall all this end?

Part I, Book X, viii.

Shoes thinly woven of the dolichos fibre
May be used to walk on the hoarfrost!
And the delicate fingers of women
May be used to make clothes!
Sew the waistband and sew the collar!
And the good man wears them!

Part I, Book IX, i.

The mother-wort of the valley
Is scorched everywhere.
There is a woman left homeless
Ever flow her tears!
Ever flow her tears!
But of what avail is her lament?

Part I, Book VI, vi.

[1] Translated by Hu Shih.

(2) The Founder of the Dynasty of Chow to his Troops
(Eleventh Century B.C.)

When the army was set in battle array the Duke of Chow addressed it, holding in his left hand his axe and in his right the horsehair standard. Saluting them he said: "We have come so far, O men of the West, princes my allies, ministers, chieftains and captains, and you my men of many races, lay down your shields for I would speak. The ancients said the house, when they announced its day, was doomed. The Ruler of Shang listens only to his wife. Stupid with lust he forgets the ancients and his own parents. He has given office to evil-doers, and the empire has become a tyranny. I am now to pronounce and apply the sentences of Heaven. To the attack! . . . Courage, brave soldiers. . . . Cowardice will be punished with death."

(3) From the Code of the Tenth Century B.C.

Let both parties be heard by the judges. Let them consider whether the crime draws one of the five punishments or one of the five fines. If not, let them declare it an involuntary misdemeanour. . . . Let them beware of doing so from wrong motives such as fear, or favour, or for disgrace, or for bribes. . . .

Branding is the punishment for a thousand crimes. Amputation of the nose is another such. Amputation of the foot is one for five hundred, castration for three hundred, death for two hundred. . . .

For ransom from each thief—from six hundred ounces of copper for escape from branding to six thousand for escape from the death penalty.

(4) A Great Drought
(Ninth Century B.C.)

Glorious shone the milky way
Revolving radiant in the heavens,
When the King cried, Ah me!
What crime has my people done
That *T'ien* sends death and disaster
And famine comes upon us once more?
There is no spirit to whom I do not sacrifice,
There is no victim which I have refused:
Our ritual acts are all performed—
How is it that no one hears my cry?

(5) The Tao
(Sixth Century B.C.)

(Tao is variously translated Nature, Norm, Way, Road, or even *Logos*.)

Perfect yet undefined It lay,
Ere Heaven and Earth were formed!
How still and without form It lies,
Alone, unchanging, infinite,
Pervading, inexhaustible;
Unhindered, Mother of us all!

Its Name unknown, the Way 'tis named
The Great perchance a better name:[1]
For great in ceaseless flow It is;
Elusive It moves on afar,
And flowing back returns again,
Remote, inapprehensible!

Great is the *Tao*, and Heaven is great,
Great is the Earth, and great the King.
These four alone are truly great.
Man from the Earth his law doth take,
And Earth obeys high Heaven's behest,
And Heaven itself obeys the *Tao*,
Whose Law is in Itself complete,
Inherent and autonomous.

Tao-Te-King, XXV, 1-5.

(6) Wu-Wei

"When naturalness is obliterated, there is 'benevolence' and 'righteousness.' When 'wisdom' and 'knowledge' appear, there is great hypocrisy. When natural relations do not harmonize, there is 'filial piety' and 'parental devotion.' When a nation is in disorder and misrule, there is 'loyalty' and 'allegiance.'" Therefore, "Abandon wisdom, put

[1] *Tao*, way, *Tai*, great—a play on words. In this little book—the Book of the Tao and of Virtue—Lao-tze systematizes and gives perfect expression to the philosophy of early Chinese naturism. His *Tao* may be compared with the *Brahman* of the Upanishads—an absolute, primeval essence pervading all, the One Ultimate Reality.

away sagacity. . . . Abandon benevolence, put away justice. . . . Abandon smartness, give up greed. . . ."

From the *Tao-Te-King*.

(7) An Early Realistic Utilitarian
(Hsun-tze, Third Century B.C.)

You glorify Nature and meditate on her:
Why not domesticate her and regulate her?

You obey Nature and sing her praise:
Why not control her course and use it?

You look on the seasons with reverence and await them:
Why not respond to them by seasonly activities?

You depend on things and marvel at them:
Why not unfold your own ability and transform them?

You meditate on what makes a thing a thing:
Why not so order things that you may not waste them?

You vainly seek the cause of things:
Why not appropriate and enjoy what they produce?

Therefore, I say: To neglect man and speculate about Nature
Is to misunderstand the facts of the universe.

From *The Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China*.

(8) From the Lun-Yu or Analects of Kung-fu-tze

(*a*) *A Biographical Summary*

The Master said, " At fifteen, I had my mind set on learning.

" At thirty, I stood firm.

" At forty, I had no doubts.

" At fifty, I knew the will of Heaven.

" At sixty, my ear was trained to hear the truth.

" At seventy, I could follow my heart's desire without doing wrong."

II, iv, 1-6.

(*b*) *Religion*

Heaven.

The Master said, " Great indeed was Yao as a sovereign. How majestic was he! It is only Heaven that is grand, and Yao obeyed to it."—VIII, xix, 1.

The Master said, " Alas! there is no one that knows me." Tse-kung said, " What do you mean by thus saying—that no one knows you? " The Master replied, " I do not murmur against Heaven. I do not grumble against men. My studies lie low, and my discernment arises high. But there is Heaven; it knows me."—XIV, xxxvii.

The Master was put in fear in K'wang. He said, " After the death of King Wan, was not the cause of truth lodged here in me? While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish, what can the people of K'wang do to me? "—IX, v, 1-3.

Ch'in K'wang asked Pih-yu,[1] saying, "Have you heard any lessons from your father different from what we have all heard?" Pih-yu replied, "No. He was standing alone once, when I passed below the hall with hasty steps, and said to me, 'Have you learned the odes?' On my replying, 'Not yet,' he added, 'If you do not learn the Rules of Li, your character cannot be established.' I then retired and studied the Rules of Good Form."—XVI, xiii, 1-3.

The Master said, "Respectfulness, without the rules of good form, becomes laborious bustle; carefulness, without the rules of good form, becomes timidity; boldness, without the rules of good form, becomes insubordination; straightforwardness, without the rules of good form, becomes rudeness."—VIII, ii, 1.

The Master said, "If a man keeps cherishing his old knowledge so as continually to be acquiring new, he may be a teacher of others."—II, xi.

The Master said, "I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out anyone who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to anyone, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson."—VII, viii.

The Master said, "Learn as if you could not reach your object, and were always fearing also lest you should lose it."—VIII, xvii.

The Master said, "A scholar, whose mind is set

[1] The son of Kung-fu-tze.

on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with."—IV, ix.

The Master said, "The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar."
XIV, iii.

The Master said, "The accomplished scholar is not an utensil."—II, xii.

(c) *Definitions of Knowledge*

Fan Ch'i asked about knowledge. The Master said, "It is to know all men."—XII, xxii, 1.

The Master said, "Learning without thought is labour lost; thought without learning is perilous."
II, xiv.

The Master said, "Though a man may be able to recite the three hundred odes, yet if, when intrusted with a governmental charge, he knows not how to act, or if, when sent to any quarter on a mission, he cannot give his replies unassisted, notwithstanding the extent of his learning, of what practical use is it?"
XIII, v.

The Master said, "It is not easy to find a man who has learned for three years without coming to be good."
VIII, xii.

The Master said, "There being instruction there will be no distinction of classes."—XVI, xxviii.

(*d*) *Moral Teachings*

1. *Shu:* "Sympathy."

Tse-kung asked saying, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The Master said, "Is not sympathy such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."—XV, xxiii.

Chung-kung asked about perfect virtue. The Master said, "It is, when you go abroad, to behave to everyone as if you were receiving a great guest; to employ the people as if you were assisting at a great sacrifice; not to do to others as you would not wish done to yourself; to have no murmuring against you in the country and none in the family."—XII, ii.

2. *Hsiao:* "Filial Piety."

The Master said, "When a man's father is alive, look at the bent of his will; when his father is dead, look at his conduct. If for three years he does not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial."—I, xi.

The Master said, "A youth, when at home, should be filial, and abroad, respectful to his elders."—I, vi, a.

Mang E asked what filial piety was. The Master said, "It is not being disobedient." Fan Che asked, "What did you mean?" The Master replied, "That parents, when alive, should be served according to propriety; and that when dead, they should be

buried according to propriety; and that they should be sacrificed to according to propriety."—II, v, 1, 3.

The Master said, "In regard to the aged, give them rest; in regard to friends, show them sincerity; in regard to the young, treat them tenderly."—V, xxv, 4.

(c) *Government*

The Ruler.

To be a prince is difficult.—XIII, xv, 2a.

The Master said, "To rule over a country of a thousand chariots, there must be reverent attention to business, and sincerity; economy in expenditure, and love for the people; and the employment of them at the proper seasons."—I, v.

The Master said, "When a prince's personal conduct is correct, his government is effective without the issuing of orders."

(9) Mo Ti—Altruist

The more restrictions and prohibitions there are in the world the poorer grow the people. The more inventions and weapons the people have, the more troubled is the State. The more cunning and skill man has, the more startling events will happen. The more laws and mandates are enacted, the more there will be thieves and robbers. Therefore the wise man says: "I practise non-action, and the people of themselves reform. I love quietude, and the people of themselves become righteous. I initiate no policy, and

the people of themselves become rich. I desire nothing, and the people of themselves become simple." (p. 15.)

In his arguments against fatalism or determinism, Mo Ti said: "There are some men who hold that there is fate. Why do they not try to look into the facts of the wise rulers of the past? When King Cheh (1818-1784 B.C.) had ruined the kingdom, King Tang (1783-1753 B.C.) took over the kingdom and again restored it to order and prosperity. When King Chou (1154-1123 B.C.) had again brought the kingdom to ruin, King Wu took it over and restored it once more to order and peace. The same kingdom and the same people found peace and prosperity under a Tang or a Wu, and disorder and ruin under a Cheh or a Chou. How can one say that things are predetermined?" (p. 73.)

The will of Heaven is to me what the compasses and the try-square are to the artisan. The artisan judges all circles and squares by his compasses and try-square, saying: "That which agrees with my standard is right, and that which does not is wrong." Now there are teachers in our age who write numberless books and make numberless speeches, persuading all classes of men from the princes to the student. But they are all far from true love and righteousness. I know it is so because I have found the best standard whereby to judge them.[1]

From *The Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China.*

[1] Chapter XXIII, Cf. Chapters IV, XXIII, and XXV.

(10) Mencius (Mong-tze)
(*b.* 372 B.C.)

Man's impulse is to do good, for his nature is good. That he does not do good is not the fault of his natural faculty. A feeling of sympathy everybody has; a feeling of shame everybody has; a feeling of deference everybody has; a sense of discrimination everybody has. The feeling of sympathy is humaneness (*jên*); the feeling of shame is justice (*i*); the feeling of deference is propriety (*li*); and the sense of discrimination is intelligence (*chi*). Humaneness, sense of justice, propriety, and intelligence are not what is moulded into us from without. They are inherent in us, only men are not conscious of them.

Therefore a man without a feeling of sympathy is not human; a man without a feeling of shame is not human; a man without a feeling of deference is not human; a man without a sense of discrimination is not human. The feeling of sympathy is the starting-point of humaneness; the feeling of shame is the starting-point of justice; the feeling of deference is the starting-point of propriety; and the sense of discrimination is the starting-point of intelligence. A man has these four starting-points as he has four limbs; and those who, having these four starting-points, plead incapability are mutilating themselves.

(11) Quotations from Later Chinese Poetry

Business Men

(Chen Tzu Ang, A.D. 656-698)

These business men to vaunt their skill are wont,
Yet they are children in philosophy.
They boast of cunning in chicanery,
To the end of life itself they give no thought.
What should they know of that Master of Mystery
Who saw the world reflected in a bowl,
Till soaring clear of earth and sky his soul
On wings of change achievéd Changelessness?

The Cost of War

(Chien Fun, A.D. 879)

The hills and river-banks of this fair land
 You soldiers turn into a battle-field.
How shall the villagers beneath your hand
 Make them grow hay or even fuel yield?

Let me not hear one vain ambitious word
 Of titles or promotion to be got.
To make a reputation for a single lord
 Ten thousand poor men die and rot.

A Blanket for the Poor

(Po Chu-i, Ninth Century A.D.)

What can I do to help the cold and poor?
No use to warm a single shivering wretch.
Would I'd a rug ten thousand feet or more
To cover all the city at a stretch.

(12) The Lure of Landscape Painting

Kuo Hsi (*d.* 1088)

Why do good men love landscapes? They are an inexhaustible fount of life. . . .

By his very nature man loves the greenery of gardens, the play of water on rocks, the cries of monkeys and the flight of cranes voicing their love of nature. . . .

Nothing so odious as the noise and dust and bondage of human habitations, and men naturally envy the lot of hermits living amidst the beauties of nature.

But in these days of peace when emperor and people are in accord and work together for the common weal, it were wrong to leave society and retire to the mountains. This is no time to abandon the life of the busy world . . . and most of us cannot indulge in the joys of nature. . . .

How delightful for the lover of woods and waters, of haze and mist, to find them in the work of a master. Here is the abiding vision of mountain peak and river, the abiding call of apes and the song of birds.

(13) Chinese Proverbs

If a boy is born with fingers like a girl's he will make a living easily.

If a girl is born with a face like a boy her dignity will be unsurpassed.

For a person to be large and yet not a fool—here is a real treasure.

Parents can do without children, but children can't do without parents.

There are loving parents, but no loving children.

One may desert one's father, though he be a magistrate—but not one's mother, though she be a beggar.

At a distance men are judged by what they wear: nearer home by what they are.

The man whose face is stout and tough
At feasts will always get enough:
But he whose face is mild and thin
Can't get a look or a chop-stick in!

The Young Bride

(Ninth Century A.D.)

Three days the newly married bride
In strict seclusion ought to hide:
With dainty hands then, sallying forth,
She'll mix her Lord a pot of broth,
His Lordship's Mother to appease.
But ignorant of the old lady's taste
And fearing thus her soup to waste,
His sister first she seeks to please.

O Would Some Power the Giftie Gi'e Us

The baldpate, though his head is bare,
Prefers its lustre to his hair:
The hedgehog chooses filth to eat
And still declares it passing sweet;
The crab pursues his sidelong gait
And still avers his course is straight.

After A. H. Smith, *Chinese Proverbs.*

If the Blind Lead . . .

Whene'er the blind instruct the blind
The more they talk the less they think:
The teacher slips on Hell's steep brink,
The pupils apt come close behind!

Ibid.

(14) A Sceptic at Eleven

When I was eleven I was one day re-reading aloud *The Elementary Lessons* of Chu Hsi, which I had memorized without much understanding. I came upon a passage where the Rationalist philosopher quoted the historian Ssu-ma Kuang in an attack upon the popular belief in Heaven and Hell . . . and I began to doubt the idea of judgment after death.

Shortly afterwards I was reading Ssu-ma Kuang's *General History*, and came upon a passage in its one hundred and thirty-sixth chapter which made me an atheist. . . .

In America

I arrived in America full of pessimism. . . . In this land there seemed nothing which could not be achieved by human intelligence and effort. I could not escape the contagion . . . which in the course of a few years gradually cured my premature senility.

In January, 1914, I wrote this entry in my diary: "I believe that the greatest thing I have learned since leaving China is this optimistic philosophy of life. . . ."

When the Great War broke out in 1914 . . . I became a zealous pacifist.

My reading of Ibsen, John Morley and Huxley taught me the importance of honest thinking and honest speaking. . . .

It is from Professor Dewey that I have learned that the most sacred responsibility of a man's life is to endeavour to *think well*.

From Hu Shih's autobiographical sketch in *The Forum*.

(*c*) FROM JAPAN

(1) From the Laws of Kotoku (A.D. 645)

Rules for Officials

When you proceed to your posts, prepare registers of all free subjects of the State and of the people under control of others, whether great or small. Take account also of the acreage of cultivated land. As to the profit arising from the gardens and ponds, the water and land, deal with them in common with the people. Moreover, it is not competent for the pro-

vincial governors, while in their provinces, to decide criminal cases, nor are they permitted by accepting bribes to bring the people to poverty and misery. . . . On all, from the rank of Hangwan downward, who accept bribes, a fine shall be imposed of double the amount, and they eventually be punished as criminals according to the greater or less heinousness of the case.

Nine men are allowed as attendant on the chief governor, seven on an assistant, and five on a secretary. If this limit is exceeded, and they are accompanied by a greater number, both chief and followers shall be punished as criminals.

The Regulations on Burial Customs

Let small stones be used for the tombs of all from the rank of Prince down to that of Shochi, and let white cloth be used for the hangings. . . .

When a man dies, there have been cases of people sacrificing themselves by strangulation, or of strangling others by way of sacrifice, or of compelling the dead man's horse to be sacrificed, or of burying valuables in the grave in honour of the dead, or of cutting the hair, and stabbing the thighs and pronouncing an eulogy on the dead. Let all such old customs be entirely discontinued.

A certain book says: "No gold or silver, no silk brocades, and no coloured stuffs are to be buried." Again it is said: "From the ministers of all ranks down to the common people, it is not allowed to use gold or silver." Shall there be any cases of this decree being disregarded and these prohibitions infringed, the relations shall surely receive punishment.

(2) From the Nihongi

An Early Record

The closing sentences of the thirtieth and last book of the *Nihongi* are typical of the rest, and run as follows:

11th year, Spring, 1st month, 7th day (11th year of the reign of Empress Jito, A.D. 697). An entertainment was given to the Ministers and Daibu.

11th day. Presents of rice in ear of various values were given to all widowers, widows, orphans, and childless persons, to those suffering from grave disease, and to those who from poverty were unable to support themselves, throughout the Empire.

166th day. An entertainment was given to the Ministers and public functionaries.

(3) Japanese Poetry

Mune-yu-ki Minamoto (*d.* 940)

How solitary the mountain hamlet lies:
When friends are gone, it fills my soul with dread;
The mountain bare, the leaves all shed,
It seems as if the world itself were dead.

Yoshinobu—a Priest

(Tenth Century)

The lady of my heart I'll ne'er forsake:
As constant as the guards who make
Each night their watch-fire till day break.

Sei Shonagon to her Lover

(Authoress of Makura-no-soshi)

In vain you pine and linger there.
For though a cock you imitate
'Twill not unlock the toll-bar gate!
Await the dawn, my chanticleer.

Sanetomo Minamoto (*d.* 1219)

(A son of Yoritomo, he was famous as a man of letters. On the day when a priest—his own nephew—murdered him in the War God's temple at Kamakura, he wrote this haunting lyric, all the more meaningful as he was the last of his house.)

When I am gone, and masterless
This house may seem, yet not the less
Remember me, fair tree, I pray—
Again these eaves with blossoms spray.

Sic Transit

(By Okura—a court official)

In this our world woe follows woe
As year succeeds to year and day to day;
Its changes and its chances endless flow,
Calamities o'ertake us as they may.

Fair ladies as their wont is play
With gems, embroidering their flowing sleeves,
And fain the springtime they would stay.
But blossoms yield in turn to falling leaves,
And white hairs show in raven tresses sleek
And wrinkles willy-nilly mar the rosy cheek.

(4) Japanese Criticism

The Buddhist Archbishop, Henjo, is excellent in form, but the truth is not in him. If I may venture a comparison, it is as if you should vainly give your heart away to a woman drawn in a picture.

Arihara no Narihira has plenty of heart: but the words are deficient; as it were, withered flowers, that still keep their fragrance, though their colour is gone.

As for Bunya no Yasuhide, his words are fine, but not well fitted to the matter; even as though a man of the lowest class, a mere merchant, should clothe himself in fine silks.

The priest of Mount Uji, Kisen, is obscure; beginning and end lack connection; as if we saw the Autumn moon, first bright, then hiding pale in clouds at dawn. However, but few of his poems are in circulation to judge by.

Ono no Komachi follows the style of the Empress Sotohori of ancient times. She has feeling but lacks vigour; like a woman fair but suffering from illness. Still, lack of vigour is only natural in a woman's poems.

Otomo no Kuronushi is agreeable in substance, but his style is low, as though a mountain peasant with fagots on his back should stop to rest beneath the cherry-blossoms.

Of others . . . for the most part they yearn after poetry rather than attain it.

Japanese Poetry, by Curtis Hidden Page, pp. 41-2.

(5) Swordsmanship

Not only physical fitness, but something in addition by way of spiritual sway was necessary. The Yagiu style required the fencer's mind to be so concentrated on his sword that it became a part of the steel, or the steel a part of the mind. A man with a sword is expected completely to cover himself against attacks from all quarters. Yagiu went a step further and said one must conceal oneself in a sword. This sounds meaningless to those not initiated in Japanese fencing. But it has a great significance. An accomplished fencer, especially one with the so-called spiritual sway, poses himself in a certain attitude, and his opponent, while watching for an unguarded spot to attack, gradually feels lost in the labyrinth of feint attacks and foibles. Presently he feels that his antagonist has disappeared, the only visible thing being the point of his antagonist's blade. At this point he is attacked and defeated. The loser is apparently in a trance which is brought about by the spiritual aggression of the victor. A sort of mesmerism? In Japan the noted organizers of well-known schools of fencing resorted to this method. They all repaired to the mountain fastnesses and for years practised the art. In the absence of a better term, it was named *Kiai Jitsu*, or the art of spiritual swaying. . . . In books of military anecdotes, examples of flying sparrows or rats infesting ceilings being either brought down or killed by *Kiai Jitsu* are mentioned *ad infinitum*; children's folklore also abounds in these episodes.

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